The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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WILL YOU

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Will you ever weep, love,
When I have passed away
When cold in death I sleep, love,
Through many a weary day?

Will you place a wreath, love,
Upon my little mound,
At evening's holy hour, love,
When shadows hover round?

Will you often come, love,
To view my lonely bed?
Will you plant a flower, love,
To bloom above my head?

Oh! kneel beside my grave, love,
And say here rests my all;
And let one pearly tear, love,
Upon my bosom fall. E. H.

The Lady with the Little Fet.

I.

"I was always fond of feet, you remember," said Ranger.

But before I tell you what Ranger said next, I may as well mention who Ranger was, and the occasion of the communication in reference to his partiality for the useful extremities in question.

I can scarcely describe him, however, in the "Who's Who" sense of the matter. I knew nothing of his family, and had not made his acquaintance through the medium of any common friends. But I had met him from time to time in the course of my travels in most parts of the world, and had found him a well-bred, well-educated gentleman, full of what is called accomplishments, and talents that tell in society—as active as a queen's messenger, and as watchful as a "special correspondent."

I met Ranger in different places while I was moving about; but had I stayed in any one place I should have been equally certain to see him; for he was always on the move, and you could no more avoid meeting Ranger than you could avoid meeting the sun. I first came across him travelling in Germany, when he helped me out of a difficulty in which some frontier officials were concerned. His happy face and pleasant manner went a long way, I thought on that occasion, in persuading the hitherto imperturbable Prussians that I was neither a smuggler nor a spy—though by-the-way I had no reason, beyond my representations, to believe that I was not both. I next met him ascending the great Pyramid in Egypt. We were both being bullied by our guides, and were enabled, by joining our forces, to escape with the payment of no more backsheesh than we had bargained for. Another encounter was at the Crown and Sceptre, Greenwich, where we were both dining on whitebait; and after this we met again on Mont Blanc, during a senseless exculsion of mine as far as the Grand Mulets. Among other places where he subsequently turned up was on board a steamer on the Mississippi; and after that I saw no more of him till we met in the Himalaya mountains, one morning when we had both gone out to see the snowy range in the sunrise, mounted upon hill ponies. That was the last I had seen of him until I met him in Paris, where he gave me the reminder recorded above.

You will suppose, perhaps, that I was as great a wanderer as he. Nothing of the kind. I had done a little travelling in my time, but he was always doing it. Where he was, he was sure to be going somewhere else, and regarded localities principally in a "Bradshaw" point of view, as made for arrival and departure; though he certainly managed to make the most of them during his stay.

Nothing could be more natural, therefore, than my meeting him in Paris one day when I went to dine solus at the Moulin Rouge and found him preparing to dine solus also at the same place. We had a common taste—in summer at any rate—for taking the meal of the day in the open air, and a common taste, too, for not taking it alone if we could avoid it. So we joined our forces, as we had done on the Pyramid, and made a pleasant a party as I dare say could be made by any two men who are likely to meet under such conditions.

It was when dinner was well-nigh disposed of, and we were discussing some Burgundy we both particularly liked—that Ranger began to be confidential, and seemed to think that I was bound to know the state of his affections at the period. It was then that he said—

"I was always fond of feet, you remember. Not for vulgar purposes of progression, though I ought to be obliged to them in that particular, for people call me the Wandering Jew. But I need not tell you what I mean. I think a woman without a foot—that is to say a good foot, and of course a little foot—is not worth looking at. I like a face as well as most men. A woman can't have too pretty a face for me"—this was a liberal concession at any rate—"but I insist that she must have a foot. And here, in Paris, at my hotel, I have found some feet that have, so to speak, carried me away with them. I have fallen in love with them, in fact."

"What a charming chance!" I said, with the sympathy deserved by such a confidence. "I trust that the face is worthy of the feet, and the lady worthy of both."

"Well," he answered, with rather a fall in his enthusiasm, "that is just what I am unable to tell you. The fact is I have not seen the lady as yet."

"Then how the dence have you seen her feet?" I asked, with brutal practicality. Then I added, "Oh, I see—mysterious muffled lady, all veil—chance glimpse getting into a carriage, and so forth. Well, that is romantic at any rate, and rather creditable to your susceptibilities, considering that you have seen so much of the world."

"No, not even that," rejoined Ranger, who was a very good-natured fellow, and did not mind a little jesting at his expense; "not even that; I have no idea whether the lady is tall or short, stout or thin, young or old. I have not even seen her shadow, and of course have not seen even the feet that have fixed my affections."

"What have you seen then?" I asked, rather puzzled by this time.

"Well, I have only seen her boots," he answered, rather sullenly, and disappointed at my want of feeling.

"Oh, I see," said I; "case of Cinderella and the Glass Slipper—Prince sees a gaiter-boot in a boot-maker's shop—falls in love with it—vows he will never marry any lady whose foot cannot fit in that boot. Why this beats the barber in the book who fell in love with the wax lady in the shop window, to say nothing of his prototype, Pygmalion."

"Now don't be a fool," said Ranger, losing his patience; "I said I had seen the boots at my hotel. Of course they were outside one of the doors."

"Waiting to be cleaned," I suggested, with a mischievous introduction of the prosaic element.

"Well, and if they were, what then?" asked Ranger almost fiercely. "The only suggestion which such an arrangement makes to my mind is that the shoeblack ought to be a happy man. But this is the fact. Every night when I pass through the corridor—at the Grand Hotel—on my way to my more elevated chamber, I see these bottines on the mat. Not always the same though. Sometimes they are of plain leather, kid or whatever it may be; sometimes they are of a beautiful bronze; sometimes they are not boots at all, but the sweetest things you ever saw in shoes."

"You have surely not fallen in love with three ladies at once?" said I, reproachfully.

"No, no; don't, like a good fellow, talk nonsense," said Ranger. "Of course they belong to the same person; no other person could wear them. It is a case of the Glass slipper as far as that fact goes, and I only wish I was in the position of the Prince. As it is I don't know what to do. What would you?"

"Well," said I, "if you wish me to take a practical view of the case, I should find out who occupied the room, identify her at the table d'hote, or wherever you may meet her in the hotel, and then move heaven and earth to make her acquaintance."

"As if any man, not an idiot, didn't know that!" cried Ranger, impatiently. "Why I tell you there are two of them."

He had not told me that, but I took no notice of this little fact.

"But surely," I further suggested, recurring to the main point, "you would be in a fair way of finding her out if you watched the ladies at the hotel, and observed if there were any feet going about that seemed likely to fit the bottines! But what do you mean by there being two of them? Do you mean that there are two sets of boots belonging to equally small feet?"

"What I mean is this," said the Ranger. "I have watched everybody in the hotel, and have seen feet in most of their varieties, but nothing capable of belonging to my bottines. If you were to observe the delicate rise of the instep from the toe, until it melts into the ankle you would agree with me that there is not a foot to be seen in the whole hotel that would fit them. But, however, I have progressed beyond the necessity for a general search. When I said there were two, I meant that there are two ladies occupying the same suite of rooms, which has only one entrance from the corridor, and that *my* boots are only one of the two pairs that are always on the doormat."

"And what are the others like?" I asked.

Ranger answered, in a tone of profound contempt, "BEETLE-CRUSHERS!"

"Perhaps you take too harsh a view of them," said I, "as Heinrich Heine seems to have done with regard to the feet of the ladies of Gottingen. He tells us, as you may remember, that he was earnestly engaged for years in the refutation of the too-prevalent belief that the ladies of Gottingen have *not* enormous feet. For this purpose he not only studied comparative anatomy, and made copious extracts from all works obtainable on the subject, but he also watched for hours the feet of the ladies as they passed him in the street. And in the erudite treaties which was the result of his labors he made separate divisions:—'On Feet in general'—'On the Feet of Antiquity'—'On Elephants' Feet'—'On Feet in connexion with each other'—and so forth. I am not quite sure that he convinced his readers in the case of the ladies of Gottingen, and it may be that you apply the severe epithet of 'Beetle-Crushers' without an equally attentive study of the subject."

Ranger laughed this time.

"At any rate," said he, "any ordinary feet would look like Beetle-Crushers beside *my* feet."

Then returning to the practical point, I argued:—

"But surely you have by this time identified the two occupants of the rooms and after that there should be no difficulty, with a very little amount of the attention bestowed by Heine on a far wider subject, in distinguishing one from the other."

"So you would think," said Ranger, cynically, "and so would all remarkably clever persons. But this is just what I have been trying to do for ten days, without success. There is one fashion in ladies' skirts which has gone out, and another fashion in ladies' skirts which has come in. In neither is any mystery made of the feet; but unfortunately my people will not adopt either one or the other. They neither wear hoops nor short dresses, but clinging drapery trailing on the ground, which defies any investigation, levelling in a common obscurity the 'little mice' of the poet and such monstrous things as Beetle-Crushers."

Here the waiter seemed to think that coffee was imperative on us, so we went to coffee accordingly, or rather we allowed coffee to come to us, and spurning the proffered 'Londres,' lit up such Havannas as are pearls beyond all prices in Paris.

"And what is to be your next course of action?" I asked, resuming the subject; "have you made the acquaintance of these ladies?"

"That is the only thing to be done," replied Ranger; "but I have not tried as yet. I have been too nervous to take the initiative, and they are not people, evidently, who are likely to talk to stray bachelors without some kind of inducement. Perhaps you might help me in the matter—if you don't mind a table d'hote dinner. My seat is exactly opposite theirs, and if we could get them to be just civilly conversational, I might, perhaps, establish something like an acquaintance. Not of course that this would necessarily gain me my information, but I should certainly seem nearer to it than now."

Ever ready in the cause of friendship, I agreed to dine with him at the Grand Hotel on the following day.

II.

There is no need to apologize for asking a man to dinner at the table d'hote of the Grand Hotel unless the objection be to tables d'hote altogether. So I thought as I entered the gorgeous hall where the repast was served, and received such a sensation of gold ornaments and mirrors, lights, flowers, and silver plate, as was calculated to give an appetite at once by raising expectation—not, I am bound to say, likely to be disappointed.

Ranger was waiting, and at once conducted me to a seat beside his own near the centre of the room. There were two vacant places opposite.

"Those are *the* places," whispered Ranger, "but of course there's a chance that they will not be filled."

Just, however, as the preliminary oysters were placed on the table, two ladies threaded their way towards the chairs, and took possession of them with continental composure. A glance from Ranger was sufficient to satisfy me of their identity, and I was free to form further impressions for myself.

They were both young, but one was, I should say, several years younger than the other. I would not venture to guess the age of the elder, but that of the younger might be about eighteen. They were both pretty, more than pretty—but their styles were by no means alike. The elder was the darker of the two; her features, not more delicate, were somehow more *piquante;* there was more animation in her mouth, and her black beady eyes conveyed an inevitable impression of suppressed mirth. The younger and lighter, however, had at least equal attractions of her own. Her features were as delicate as those of her companion, and there was a delicious softness about her deep-blue eyes—a softness which indeed pervaded her, and gave the prevailing character to her beauty.

Other things being equal—which they never are—I should think it would be difficult to choose between the two.

Ranger had told me their names and relative positions on the previous night, for he had talked about them all the way from the Moulin Rouge, past the Madeleine, to the very door of the Varieties Theatre, where we finished the evening. The elder lady was a widow named Merridew, and the younger was a cousin of hers, named Pembroke, who lived under her protection. So, at least, Ranger had learned in the hotel, and in hotels a great deal more is known of most persons than their names, after a short residence.

Ranger, by the way, had not informed me of the fact which I now found apparent—that they were both such charming persons in appearance. Absorbed in the important question which he had set himself to solve, he made no observation upon mere matters of detail.

The dinner developed for some time in a highly satisfactory manner as far as the

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viands were concerned, and we paid a touching attention to widowhood by making considerable acquaintance with Cliquot. But we made no way at all in getting upon speaking terms with our opposite neighbors. But for Ranger's sensibility in regard to them, I should have dashed into an introductory remark—at the risk of a rebuff—which, however, one is not likely to get at a foreign table d'hote, even from English people. Apart, too, from Ranger's feelings, I was the stranger. He had been sitting opposite to them, at intervals, during ten days, and was plainly the one to take the initiative.

The two ladies in the meantime talked upon indifferent subjects as if we had no existence, though I could not help thinking that Mrs. Merridew looked occasionally at Ranger with an inquiring glance, made the more significant by the twinkle of her irrepressible eye. I fancied she must at least have met him before. Ranger, on the other hand, though acute and observant in most matters, was curiously the contrary where ladies were concerned. I knew this failing of old.

Presently an opportunity *did* present itself for joining in their conversation. Mrs. Merridew, in continuation of some previous discussion as to their plans for the season, said to her cousin—

"Yes, if I do not get a letter to-morrow I think we had better go on to Baden-Baden and wait for them there. But it's rather an awkward place for two ladies who are alone. I know it no more than you do, and I am very doubtful as to the hotels. Some of them may be quiet enough, but there is no knowing which, and it would be very weak to trust to the guide-books."

"If you will allow me, madam," said I, with a decision which Ranger regarded with looks of dismay, "I can furnish you with the address of the best and quietest house in the place. It is not exactly an hotel, but the better suited, perhaps, on that account."

And I gave her a card which I had in my pocket-book, at the risk, as it afterwards occurred to me, of being taken for a touter engaged by the concern.

I had no need to have any fears as to my reception. Mrs. Merridew was all graciousness, accepted the card, and returned thanks as if for a great favor, assuring me that she would certainly avail herself of my courtesy if she and her cousin—the reference to her cousin was encouraging—should really go to the place. But they were not sure, they expected some friends in Paris—and so forth.

Even Miss Pembroke put in a word or two expressive of pleasure at the reception of so much valuable information; upon which I ventured to say that they were wise not to stay very long in Paris just then, when even the French all ran away on account of the heat.

Both ladies responded pleasantly to this sentiment; and the ice being thus broken, Ranger—what a diffident man he was for such a traveller!—went into the conversation with a plunge. He was quite as well received as myself—rather better, I thought, as far as Mrs. Merridew was concerned. And the result was that before dinner was over we were all upon very friendly travelling terms.

There was only one point in the conversation that need be recorded. Alluding to the many things to be seen in Paris, Mrs. Merridew said—

"We do not, however, see half so much on our way as we might; for we go everywhere in a carriage. I am a very good walker, but my cousin, I am sorry to say, is a very bad one."

Ranger's face expressed visible satisfaction at this announcement. But he was probably not observed, for the ladies rose immediately afterwards, and we bowed them away from the table—Ranger, by the way, regarding them attentively till they passed out at the door. "His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet"—or would have done so had those objects been in sight.

We of course went on the Boulevards. As Ranger placed his arm in mine preparatory to our saunter among the life of the city, I felt him clutch me with what the French call effusion.

"I am not sure, of course," said he, "and would not hazard anything as yet; but I have a strong suspicion that Miss Pembroke's are the Mice and Mrs. Merridew's the Beetle-Crushers!"

III.

Ranger came over to me—he had not to come far, only to the Hotel des Princes—on the following day, soon after breakfast.

"Congratulate me," he said; "I think I have a clue."

"Clue to what?" said I.

"To the owner of the feet," he said, exultingly; "and this is how I have got it. Both of the women—if they will allow me to call them so—appeared this morning at breakfast, and the train of conversation which we commenced yesterday, thanks to you, was continued to-day, thanks to them, and was made not quite unavailable, I suspect, thanks to me."

"Well, what's your idea?" said I, bringing him to the point.

"You shall see," he said. "Let me tell you what happened. Mrs. Merridew talked quite unreservedly in my presence about their plans—not only prospective, but immediate; not only about Baden-Baden next

week, but their little expeditions during the day. And among other things she said to Clara—why the deuce am I calling her Clara?—but that is the name by which she addresses Miss Pembroke. Among other things that she said to Miss Pembroke was this: 'We must not forget to call at the bootmaker's.'"

"Was that all?" I asked, discouragingly.

"Wait," returned Ranger. "In the course of the conversation I acutally heard the address of the bootmaker's at which they were to call."

"Something may come out of that," said I.

"Something!" cried Ranger, "everything I should hope. They seem to have boots in preparation. They intend to call at twelve o'clock. *I* mean to call at one—they must surely have left by that time—and it will be hard if I do not find out something. Come with me, like a good fellow."

So like a good fellow I went with him. It was only into the Rue de la Paix, and the bootmakers were well known. We were there ten minutes before the time, but seeing nobody in the front shop we ventured to enter and open our campaign.

Ranger gave an order for some dress boots, for which he was duly measured, and while this process was being performed he took care to engage the shopman in conversation.

"Do you make ladies' boots?" he asked—the cunning villain, as if the shop was not full of feminine articles.

Yes, without doubt, the Frenchman answered; they made everything of the kind for great ladies of the world.

Were they making many now? was the next question.

Ah, his faith, yes, certainly, for great ladies among the English living at the hotels. They were sending that afternoon to Meurice's, to the Castilione, to the Louvre, to the Grand, and elsewhere.

And the shopman pointed to a number of packets piled on a counter ready for delivering.

Ranger acknowledged the information in a careless manner, and then gave some preposterous order in reference to the making of his own boots, which sent the man away to consult his master.

"Now," said Ranger, when the shop was clear, "let us see if we can find out anything like a fact."

So he overhauled the parcels on the counter with rapid assiduity, and presently raised a cry of satisfaction.

"See," said he, "there are two packets for the Grand Hotel, one directed to Madame Merridew, and the other to Mademoiselle Pembroke.

There were certainly two packets so addressed, and he held them before me triumphantly.

"Look," said he, "there seems to be a couple of pairs of boots in each, and one packet is much smaller than the other."

"There does seem a difference in the size," I observed; "and the next question is easy to determine."

It *was* easy. The larger packet was addressed to Madame Merridew; the smaller one to Miss Pembroke.

Ranger was quite idiotic in his demonstrations at this discovery.

"I told you so," said he; "I know that Clara—that Miss Pembroke—had the small feet. Look, look, here are the Mice, unmistakably; and here—does not the fact proclaim itself?—here are the Beetle-Crushers."

Appearances were certainly in his favor, and I congratulated him upon the discovery.

"Now," said I, "you may make your court without fear of making a mistake."

He was in ecstasies at the idea, but still seemed to require my help, and insisted that I should dine with him again that night at his hotel. I could not choose but promise.

IV.

At six o'clock—they dine early at tables d'hote in Paris—I was again among the gilding, the glass, the plate, the flowers, and the damask that distinguished the dinner at the Grand Hotel beyond all other dinners of its class.

Again we were early; again our opposite neighbors were late; and when they appeared at last they brought with them a companion upon whom we had not counted. It was a hateful being in the form of man.

Not a man that we could object to, however, upon general or particular grounds. He was a gentleman, that was evident, and one who, without any appearance of dictation, took command of the party as if by a natural right. He ordered the wine, and assumed every other function connected with the control of the feast, as if he were in his own house. He was a man, perhaps, of forty years of age—we could not object to that at any rate—a well-looking, well-mannered, conventional style of person, with an air of opulence about him, and a serene way of not seeming to care a straw about anybody, which goes a great way at a table d'hote, to say nothing of other places.

The new comer engrossed the attention of the ladies during the entire dinner. Beyond a slight salutation at the commencement, and an inane remark about the weather from Mrs. Merridew, they took no notice of us. Their conversation, too, unconstrained as it was, gave us no clue to the relation in which the gentleman stood towards them, or to one of them in particular. He was a cousin, perhaps, or an uncle, or a brother of the elder lady—he was too old, surely, to be a brother of the younger, though he might be an admirer of either of them. The latter idea was not a pleasant one—from Ranger's point of view—for my friend was clearly head over ears in love with the lady who was now inseparably associated in his mind with the little feet. So the dinner passed off in as unsatisfactory a manner as could well be to us both; for apart from my sympathy with poor Ranger in his infatuation, the state of mind in which he was quite spoiled him for purposes of society.

An incident occurred towards the conclusion of dinner, however, which gave him relief. Mrs. Merridew's French maid entered the room, and brought a message from the manager of the hotel, in answer, as it appeared, to a previous application. "Oh, yes," said that young person, "Mademoiselle could have a chamber adjoining the apartment of Monsieur and Madame; it was quite ready for her reception."

I thought Ranger was about to express his surprise at this announcement in an audible manner, so visibly impressed was he at the fact disclosed. Mrs. Merridew was not a widow, then, after all—and, what was more important, her husband could not be an admirer of Miss Pembroke.

We were in doubt when dinner was over, whether to begin our evening prowl at once, or to look in for a few minutes upon the party in the salon assigned to the residents of the hotel. It was lucky that we decided upon the latter course; *for* an incident took place immediately on our entering the room, which brought the adventure to a crisis, and was of immense importance—as the event proved—to the future of my friend.

Ranger was looking about him with an object that may be guessed, when an elderly gentleman—whose erect, bold bearing, said "old soldier," as unmistakably as his jovial red face, shaded by the whitest of moustache and whisker, said *bon vivant*—tapped him on the shoulder to attract his attention.

Ranger turned round in some surprise, and immediately fell to shaking the elderly gentleman cordially by the hand.

"My dear uncle," said he, "I am delighted to see you."

"And I you, my boy," returned the uncle, beaming with pleasure. "It is very seldom that you are caught, thanks—or rather no thanks—to that way of yours of being here, there, and everywhere at once. You are staying at this hotel? So am I. Very fortunate, isn't it, that we should meet?"

Ranger said it was, and evidently meant what he said. He introduced me presently to his jovial relative, who seemed almost as delighted to see a friend of his nephew's as his nephew himself. My new acquaintance proved to be General Holsterley, an old dragoon, who, I afterwards learned, was a very rich bachelor, and had made Ranger his heir.

After a little talk, the General said to Ranger—

"I must leave you for a few minutes. I vote for going somewhere together afterwards—but I must go and speak to some people I see at the end of the room. I promised to meet them here, to do a little Paris with them. But stay, why should I leave you? Come with me, and I will introduce you to a couple of as charming women as you could wish to meet in a day's march—and that's not saying enough for them, by-the-by. And, I tell you what, if you played your cards well, you would have a very great chance with the only one of the two who has a chance left open. Come on, my boy—and your friend too," he added, seeing that Ranger was doubtful what to do with me.

So we were both marched up to the end of the room, and in another minute the General was exchanging the heartiest of greetings with—our friends of the table d'hote.

As soon as there was a pause—for they all talked together—Holsterley took an opportunity of presenting his nephew, and then myself, to his friends.

They were all very cordial, and Mrs. Merridew rather demonstrative.

"We were fast becoming acquainted with your friends through meeting them at dinner, though Mr. Ranger was very reserved, and did not seem to trust himself to talk much with strange ladies."

And she looked at him—what shall I say? well, wickedly if you will—with those beady black eyes of hers which she knew so well how to employ.

Ranger looked a little confused, as a man is apt to look if he thinks he is being ridiculed by a pretty woman; and he told me afterwards that the idea came upon him suddenly that he had seen those eyes somewhere before.

It is sufficient for me to say, however, that we all became very intimate on short notice; that we all went to the theatre together, and had one of the pleasantest evenings possible. It must have been especially so to Ranger, for he had Miss Pembroke nearly all to himself during the entire time; and it was not difficult to see that her deep-blue eyes and soft, happy beauty had fairly completed the impression which they had made upon him from the first.

Colonel Merridew—the new comer, turned out to be an old comrade of the General's—left us at the door of the theatre, and took the ladies home, while the rest of us went somewhere to supper. The latter arrangement was Holsterley's doing, for Ranger was disposed to make himself as generally disagreeable as persons in a similar condition usually do.

When we in our turn arrived at the hotel the General went off to bed—it was quite time, too—and then Ranger, who evidently wanted to talk about himself, insisted upon taking me up to his room. On our way we passed the apartments occupied by our friends, and then Ranger, who dared not speak for fear of being overheard, pointed triumphantly to some objects lying on the door-mats.

At one entrance there were two pairs of boots, belonging to a lady and a gentleman respectively. At the other was a single pair, particularly small, and to an amateur in feet, I should say, justifying all the praise that had been bestowed on them. I dragged Ranger from the spot, where he seemed absurdly disposed to linger. When we reached his room he became guilty of rapturous conduct to a ridiculous degree, and then asked me, in a lucid interval, if I did not think him the happiest of men.

I declared my very high opinion of his state of bliss, and—got away from him as soon as I could.

His must have been pleasant sleep that night—if he slept at all.

V.

I did not see my friend on the following day; but on the day following that, he came to me with a message from Mrs. Merridew, asking me to dine with the Colonel and herself, who had a small party in their own apartments.

All was going right, he said, between himself and Miss Pembroke; and he had the advantage, he frankly confessed, of a great deal of backing up from Mrs. Merridew as well as from his uncle. "I shall propose," said he, "the very first opportunity—to-night, if I get a chance." He said nothing about feet this time—I suppose he thought his present relations with Miss Pembroke did not justify such a discussion. But I noticed when we met the ladies, that they continued to wear robes so long as to preclude investigation into that particular.

At dinner, Ranger was placed, as a matter of course, beside the blue-eyed beauty; while she of the beaded black divided her attentions very pleasantly between the rest of us—the General and myself being the only other guests.

After dinner we all went to the theatre; and there also Ranger's seat in the box was next to that of Miss Pembroke. He had by this time got so far as to talk to her in whispers.

The box was rather crowded, and the General, the Colonel, and myself, were not sorry to go out for half an hour between the pieces. On our return, I noticed that the blue eyes were much cast down, and that their owner was constrained, and evidently indisposed for conversation. The black eyes, on the contrary, were all animation and triumph, and their owner conversational to an unusual degree. I had my suspicions.

Ranger made a remark in the course of the evening which seemed mal-apropos—I could not tell why at the time. There was a young lady on the stage playing the part of a *soubrette*, with skirts of course which made no mystery of a little foot and a well-turned ankle. Somebody made a remark that she was not quite so pretty as the author of the piece intended her to be.

"No," said the General, who had a blunt way of expressing his opinion on the "points" of ladies; "but her feet are first-rate."

"I am an immense admirer of pretty feet," said Ranger to his neighbor, in a voice intended doubtless for a whisper, but which was audible to the whole box.

Miss Pembroke drew herself up, blushed unmistakably, and I thought looked rather indignant. The compliment was perhaps rather too direct.

The General accompanied the Colonel and the ladies home this time. When Ranger and myself were left alone on the boulevard, Ranger clutched me by the shoulder, and said—

"All right, my boy!—congratulate me."

I did congratulate him, and remarked that he seemed to have managed matters rather cleverly during our absence from the box.

"Well," said he, "Mrs. Merridew was very considerate; pushed her chair into a corner and said she had a headache, seemed, in fact, to be asleep; and I popped the question in the quietest manner possible."

"And received the answer in the same way?"

"Yes, as far as I got any answer at all; and perhaps I am not quite justified in saying that it's all right—she said nothing more than 'To-morrow!'"

And Ranger looked a little nervous at the new idea.

"Oh, I think you are safe if she said that," replied I, and I congratulated him over again.

We were to meet next day, according to an arrangement made in the course of the evening, to go and see the waters play at Versailles.

VI.

I was at the Grand Hotel next day soon after noon. I met Ranger in the hall before presenting myself in the Merridews' domain. He was radiant with joy. Miss Pembroke had not appeared at breakfast, but he had sought and obtained an interview with her immediately after, had renewed his suit, and had received the answer which might have been expected after her response of the night before.

"Now," said Ranger, when he had told me these interesting particulars, "we will go the Merridews' quarters—the ladies ought to be ready by this time."

There was nobody in the little salon when we entered; but in a few minutes the two ladies joined us.

A moment's glance at their costume revealed a fact which astonished me, and caused in Ranger nothing less than consternation. I could see what was working within him, though he tried to keep it in control.

Mrs. Merridew and Miss Pembroke were both attired in fashionable costumes which permitted the feet to be visible; and the unaccountable fact became apparent that it was the elder lady who owned what Ranger called the Mice, while to the younger belonged the—I will not use the word which Ranger had ventured upon in his indignation, and the more so as the epithet in its signification as a satire on size was quite unjustified. Miss Pembroke's feet were not remarkably large. They were of very fair average dimensions, strictly proportionate to her figure, which was on a grander scale than that of her cousin. They were very good feet besides, and shod to perfection. But if diminutiveness were the object in view, no feet could hope to compete with those of Mrs. Merridew. These were on so small a scale that in a statue they would have looked incongruous; but seen in connection with the neat and nicely-clad figure of their present owner, they must have gained admiration from a great many persons besides the Chinese.

I saw Ranger regarding first one lady and then another with looks of wonderment, and I am sorry to add, mortification. Mrs. Merridew, whose beady eyes were merry, I suspect at his expense, seemed to see that something was the matter, and tried to cover his confusion by talking to any extent. Miss Pembroke also seemed to see that something was the matter; but her mode of meeting it took the form of reserve. They were all, I fancy, as much relieved as I was when the General and the Colonel came in and a movement was made for the railway station.

But things were no better when we were in the train. Ranger was moody and embarrassed, even cold in his manner towards the beautiful girl about whom he had been raving little more than an hour before. And Miss Pembroke evidently felt herself slighted. She was seated next to her betrothed, but turned away from him, and addressed her conversation during the short journey almost entirely to me. I could not help thinking, under her charming influence, what a fool my friend was to allow his infatuation to carry him to this extent. Had it been my case—but no matter.

At Versailles we saw all the grand things that were to be seen; but neither the palace nor the gardens had their old attractions for us. A gloom was cast over the party; for none could fail to perceive the breach that was taking place between the lovers, though all could not, I suppose, attribute it to its proper cause.

As we roamed through the rooms and galleries, Ranger walked beside Miss Pembroke, and spoke to her from time to time; but he had lost his power of conversation, and was constrained beyond all attempts at disguise. The lady met his coldness by this time more than half way, and her beauty wore a haughtiness that ill became it—like that of a frozen rose.

In the gardens he offered his arm, but this was decisively refused; and, as if to prevent another demonstration of the kind, Clara—may I call her Clara?—took the arm of Mrs. Merridew.

The elder lady improved the occasion by taking the younger one apart, and holding her for some time in conversation. I watched the pair while Ranger walked on with the two officers. I purposely avoided any colloquy with the former, as I saw that such advice as I had to offer would be ill received.

The effect of Mrs. Merridew's communication upon Clara was far from being mollifying. Indignation was visibly depicted on the young lady's countenance; and as they both rose from the seat where they had taken refuge, and rejoined me, I heard Miss Pembroke say—

"I do not know how to forgive you, Flora. Of course I *do* forgive you, for you meant well; but I consider that I have been the victim of a most humiliating plot."

We returned to Paris under as unpleasant conditions as ever attended a party of pleasure. When we alighted from the train the ladies entered the open carriage that was in waiting, and Ranger followed them—as I supposed to seek a reconciliation. The rest of us walked. When we arrived at the hotel I excused myself from joining the party at dinner, and took my leave.

Ranger came to me early next morning, and told me that his engagement with Miss Pembroke was broken off.

"Surely," said I, "you are not fool enough to quarrel with her for not having Mrs. Merridew's feet! If so—"

"Hear me, man," said he, sternly. "I love her more than I ever loved anything upon this earth, and I would marry her if her feet were really the Beetle-Crushers pictured by my depraved imagination. But I seem to have been the victim of a plot in which it is not quite clear that she was not an accomplice; and the joke of the thing is that she makes a similar complaint on her own part."

"But surely," I urged, "this misunderstanding can be accommodated."

"The difficulty," said he, "is now on her side. Look at this letter, which was brought to me with my—with my boots," he added with a laugh, remembering his absurdities in connection with those articles of costume.

I read the letter. It was a dismissal, couched in sufficiently contemptuous terms, intimating that the writer was not disposed to ally herself with a person whose affection depended upon abstract qualifications.

He would not listen to my persuasions. He was off, he said, somewhere; he had had quite enough of Paris—as if Paris was in fault!—and never wished to see the place again. His intention was to go—well, he did not quite know where. He should either join some foreign service where there was hard fighting, in hopes of being knocked over, or join his friend —— (he mentioned a great name connected with the Geographical Society) in discovering the source of the Nile. He was not sure which.

And so he left me.

Two days after, when I called at the Grand Hotel, I found that Colonel Merridew and his party had also taken their departure.

VII.

Nearly a year went by, and I saw nothing of Ranger, nor of his friends. But in the autumn succeeding that of our sojourn in Paris I happened to be at Baden-Baden. There, as I came out of the Kursaal one day, I met going in—the entire of our Paris party. Mrs. Merridew, her husband, and the jovial old General, were in front; Clara and Ranger—with their arms in one another this time—brought up the rear.

The meeting was a hearty one, and when it came to my turn to have a quiet confab with Ranger, I could not help saying maliciously—

"Why, I thought you were killed in the Danish war, or held in captivity by that king in Africa who has all the fat wives?"

"Now don't be annoying, my boy," said he. "I made it all right, though only six weeks ago by-the-way, when the lovely girl who has just left my arm, became Mrs. Charles Ranger, F.R.G.S., and some other distinctions if you did but know them. I thought better of the two alternatives I suggested, and determined to follow the thing up. I did so by letter, and after that by personal appeal, and somehow, after an immense deal of devotion on my part, and no little influence, I suspect on the part of Mrs. Merridew, the lady's scruples were removed. I will tell you all about it after dinner—you will dine with us of course to-day."

I was delighted to hear what I did, and delighted to dine with them of course; but Mrs. Merridew told me "all about it" before Ranger had an opportunity. This is what she said, when I gave her my arm, coming away from the Kursaal:

"As Mr. Ranger's friend you ought to know the facts of the case; and indeed I owe it to you on my own part, that I should explain my share in the proceedings. When I first met Charles at the table d'hote, I recognized him at once, apart from his name, which I well remembered also, as an old pupil of my father's—my father was a clergyman who took pupils—before he went up to Cambridge. It is a dreadful time ago, but I was a mere girl then, as you may suppose,"—and her beady black eyes here gave a sly glance of inquiry—"and not grown up. He paid me an awful amount of attention in those days, and was particularly infatuated, as he said, with my feet. He was always raving about my feet, in fact; and as they seemed to be the special objects of his affection, I was less flattered than I should otherwise have been, and merely made fun of him instead of falling in love, which might otherwise have been the case. Indeed his fondness for feet appeared to be of an abstract character, for he took to admiring a housemaid who had gifts in that direction. This was quite enough for me as you may suppose, and after the girl had gone—which I took care should be at an early date after the discovery—I gave him his dismissal also. I was very young then, of course,"—here the beaded eyes again made an appeal for confirmation—"but even at my age the attentions that he paid were of importance. Well, he went to the University in the natural course of things, and I saw him no more. When I met him at the hotel he did not recognize me. I suppose I am changed."—And again the beaded eyes looked arch.—"I was then away from my husband. I thought that had I introduced myself he would be making love to me, and that, of course, would never do. But on the other hand I had a regard for him, and considered that he would make a capital match for my cousin. So I determined to play upon his weakness in a harmless way. I persuaded Clara that the new costumes were indecorous wear for ladies in an hotel by themselves, so we always wore trains. I saw that he was struck with one of us, and guessed that he would find out our rooms, and be bewildered by the boots at the door. I even let him hear the name of the bootmaker, in order that he might prosecute his inquiries there, which he did, as *you* know. When my husband came, I even went so far as to change the boots at the different doors in order to deceive him. All went well, and I almost *drove* him to the proposal at the theatre. It was two days after that that Clara, when we were going to Versailles, suggested that there was no longer any reason for continuing our trains. I had no longer any excuse for opposition, and the result was as you saw. When Charles turned sulky—as you saw also—I had to explain the whole to Clara, who nearly quarrelled with me, and quite threw Charles off. Nothing but his constant pleadings, for nearly a year, during which time he followed us about with a persistence which left no doubt of his sincerity, and my earnest persuasions directed all the time at Clara, induced her at last to forgive him; and there they are now, man and wife, to the great delight of us all."

We were a happy party that day at dinner, and for a great many days afterwards. I was the more happy, too, when Ranger told me, in confidence, that he was quite cured of his partiality for feet, and looked upon them in the light of simply useful extremities.

"I would rather be married to Clara," he added, "if she had really Beetle-Crushers—which you know she has not—than to anybody else in the world, even though she could step into a glass slipper belonging to Mrs. Merridew."

S. L. B.

The Suez Canal—Making a Seaport.

In Mr. Coffin's book, "Our New Way Round the World," just issued by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., there is an interesting account of the projecting and prosecution of the great canal across the Isthmus of Suez, and the marvelous manner in which a seaport, (Port Said) has been actually created by the hand of man, to receive and safely hold the vessels going in and out of the canal on the Mediterranean side. We make a few extracts:

The line elected by Lesseps is just one hundred miles in length. The canal, when completed, will have the following dimensions:—

Width at top	328 feet.
Width at bottom	246 "
Depth	26 "

There are no locks nor impediments of any kind; nor is there any difference of level between the two seas, except what may be occasioned by the tides.

Having taken this preliminary outlook, we are prepared to see what has been accomplished.

We are in the Bay of Pelusium, on one of the steamers of the Messageries Imperiales Company, with a sailor at the mast-head on the lookout for Port Said. No high hills greet the sight, but only a lone sand-beach, a forest of masts, a city, and two breakwaters extending into the sea. The wind is fresh, and the waves are dashing furiously against the newly constructed wall, which extends from the beach straight out into the sea eight thousand one hundred and seventy-six feet. Passing the end of the wall we are sheltered by it; and though the breakers are thundering within a few feet of us—so near that the spray falls upon our deck—we are in calm water.

It is not solid masonry, laid up with nicely fitting joints, but composed of blocks of stone weighing twenty-two tons each, which were *manufactured* on the beach, brought out on lighters, and tumbled into position. They consist of hydraulic lime, brought from Theil, France, and sand shoveled up on the shore—the proportions being one of lime and three of sand. The composition is moistened with salt water, mixed and moulded by machinery, and allowed to dry three months before being used. The eastern wall will be about five thousand feet in length not parallel to the western, but converging toward it seaward, giving an area of about five hundred acres. Before us are thousands of the huge stones, manufactured by this process drying in the sun, as if this were a brick-yard, and Sampson and Goliath and their brothers the strong men, had been striking them off.

The harbor and canal are excavated by steam. The excavators are of enormous size. Imagination may picture a machine as tall as church-steeples, ponderous iron wheels twenty feet in diameter, buckets as big as hogsheads, on an endless chain; an iron conductor, two hundred and twenty feet in length, that serves to carry the sand over the bank of the canal, when brought up by the buckets. There are seventy-two of them, each costing from eighty to one hundred thousand dollars. They are worked by powerful engines, and eat their way with great rapidity through the desert. Those who have seen the dredges in use in the harbors of our great cities will be able to form some idea of the magnitude of these machines.

Standing upon the bank of the canal, and beholding the chain of buckets coming out of the water, discharging their contents into one end of the long conductor, and a stream of water and sand pouring from the other; remembering that every wheel, pinion, bolt, rivet, screw, and nut, has been brought from France, all put up here; that all the coal used to do the operation of the excavators has been mined a thousand feet under ground in England and shipped to this place—we can but admire the genius, energy, and perseverance of the man who began this great enterprise, who has carried it on to the present time, and who will have it completed in October next.

The quantity of earth which will have been excavated when the canal is finished, will not be far from ninety-seven million cubic yards. A conception of the amount may be obtained by thinking of a line of earth a yard high and one in width, reaching five thousand miles, or more than twice around the globe!

The actual capacity of the dredging machines employed is about two million seven hundred thousand cubic yards per month; one machine has taken out one hundred and sixty thousand per month. The cost of the machinery is about twelve million dollars.

The Ripley (Missouri) Bee says that belonging to a Mr. Kendall, near Decatur, Brown county, recently gave birth to one hundred and six calves at one calving, and another cow, belonging to Mr. Edwards, in the same vicinity, about the same time, brought forth sixty. In addition there was one large developed calf the others were about the size of Norway rats. The smaller ones were perfect miniature calves in every respect. Both the cows died. The Bee says there is no doubt of the truth of this statement.

Newspaper publishers, the Internal Revenue Commissioner says, must be taxed as "manufacturers." The New York Express don't know what they manufacture, unless it be "public opinion."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the club may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE. Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $85. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent gratis—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to February 20th, containing the whole of "CUT ADRIFT; OR, THE TIDE OF FATE, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, and of "THE RED COURT FARM," by Mrs. Henry Wood.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been. In the way of new Novelets we announce:—

The Last of the Incas.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

We also give a large amount of Interesting and Instructive matter, in the way of SKETCHES, HISTORICAL FACTS, NEWS, AGRICULTURAL INFORMATION, &c., &c.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

NOTICE.

THE POST of next week will probably not be issued as early in the week as usual. The celebration of the national anniversary on the 5th, and some repairs that it is necessary to make in the engine-room, may delay the printing for a day or two.

GIVE CREDIT.—The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have no objection to the copying of their stories by the New York papers, if the latter will give due credit for them. "Golden Rod," which appears in Harper's Weekly of June 26th, is a case in point. It is by that gifted authoress, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, but neither the name of the writer, nor of the magazine for which it was written, is given. This is not the first time that such things have happened, and therefore we take the liberty of nudging our New York friends a little. For ourselves, we invariably give credit to the New York and Boston Press, when we take their articles knowingly.

AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION.—One of our lady contributors, in a recent private letter, says:—

"One ought to be able to pass the summer in comparative idleness. Why are we not all rich? Mr. A. T. Stewart, who, they say, 'loves to work,' might divide among those who do not."

An excellent idea that. It would be so much pleasanter for a hard worker, like Mr. Stewart, to feel that he had something again to work for. And so very pleasant for a number of overworked people, to have a little rest this side of the grave.

MANUAL LABOR SCHOOLS.—A correspondent writes:—

"Can you inform me, through your valuable paper, whether there is a Manual Labor School, (in this state, or some other,) where a young man whose education is somewhat neglected, or whose opportunities have not been good, could support himself by his labor at the Institution, while being benefitted with an education. Your attention to this matter may benefit several of your fellow men."

There is an Agricultural College in this state, but we know not whether it is free. Can any reader give the information desired?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS FROM AUGUSTUS TO CHARLEMAGNE.—By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKEY, M. A. In two volumes. This is an admirable work—and one which no intelligent person, who takes an interest in those great questions which concern the welfare and improvement of our race, should fail to read. It is not necessary that you should always agree with Mr. Lecky; but it is almost necessary that you should read him. And you cannot fail to profit by the extent and variety of the historical information his researches afford, whether you agree with him in his conclusions or not. The volumes are published in excellent style, with large type on good paper, by D. Appleton & Co., of New York; and they are also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., 808 Chestnut street, Philada.

SIGHTS AND SENSATIONS IN FRANCE, GERMANY, AND SWITZERLAND; OR, EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST IN EUROPE. By EDWARD GOULD BUFFUM, author of "Six Months in the Gold Mines," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Apparently a very pleasant book of travels.

JEREMIAH, AND HIS LAMENTATIONS. With Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical. Designed both for Pastors and Peoples. By Rev. HENRY COWLES, D. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT. A Novel. By GUSTAV FREYTAG. Translated by Mrs. MALCOLM. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

THE NEWCOMES. Edited by ARTHUR PENDENNIS, Esq. By W. P. THACKERAY, author of "Vanity Fair," &c. Illustrated by the author. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

STRETTON. A Novel. By HENRY KINGSLEY, author of "Hetty," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE BRIDE'S FATE. A Sequel to "The Changed Brides." By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, author of "The Changed Brides," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

PRIMARY TRUTHS OF RELIGION. By THOMAS M. CLARK, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Rhode Island. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

THE DEAD GUEST. A Mysterious Story. By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE. Translated from the German by G. C. MCWHORTER, M. A. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

HANS BREITMANN'S BALLADS. By CHAS. G. LELAND. Complete in one volume. This is a complete edition of these popular poems, handsomely and substantially bound in morocco cloth, with bevelled boards, gilt top, gilt side stamp and back, or in half calf. This volume embraces every ballad written by Charles G. Leland in this vein, commencing with the famous "Barty," whose cheery uproar has made itself heard on both sides of the ocean. The edition is printed on the finest tinted plate paper, and enjoying all the luxury of binding, will be doubly welcomed by all who have revelled in the philosophic jollity and boozy transcendentalism of the genial Teuton. A glossary is added for the benefit of those whose philological acquirements may not equal those of the hero. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN; OR, LEELINAU. This is another of the Golden Spring Series. Published by Andrew F. Graves, Boston, Mass.; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, Philada.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for July. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for July. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. No. 3. Published by D. Appleton & Co., and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for June. Published by the Leonard Scott Company, New York.

☞ A curious affair took place in Pontiac, Michigan, on the evening of the 7th instant. It was that of holding ceremonies over the charred remains of the favorite Morgan, a horse owned by Mrs. Hodges, which was considered a very valuable animal. A large concourse of people assembled on the spot, and the grave being dug, and a solemn chant by the Pontiac Cornet Band, the remains of the favorite Morgan were consigned to earth.

☞ A fellow nearly beat his wife to death the other day in Passaic, New Jersey, for disappointing him in regard to the sex of a little newly-born stranger.

☞ The Quaker Indian agents as soon as they arrive out West are called "Major," that being the title the Indians are accustomed to giving the agents.

☞ The fare to California, it is reported, has been reduced. Since June 16, the rate of through tickets, from Omaha to Sacramento or San Francisco, has been fixed at $135—the Union Pacific taking as its share $76, and the Central Pacific, $57.

☞ Nearly one-half the type-setting on the Paris literary papers is done by women.

☞ Jefferson Davis is quite ill in Paris.

☞ A morganatic marriage only differs from the usual ceremony in the fact that the children do not inherit any right to assume the throne which may be occupied by, or descend to the noble parent.

☞ A young woman in Connecticut, in a fit of anger, the other day, threw a flat-iron at her brother and nearly broke his neck. The next day, in a fit of remorse, she took poison.

Action of Post Nineteen.

A few weeks ago, the largest post in Pennsylvania of the Grand Army of the Republic, made the following announcement:—

HEADQUARTERS POST 19,
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
DEP'T OF PENNSYLVANIA, May 14, 1869.

Comrades of Post 19: The day set apart (May 20) for decorating the graves of our fallen comrades will soon be here. * * * Wishing to bury forever the harsh feelings engendered by the war, Post 19 has decided not to pass by the Confederates sleeping in our lines, but to divide each year between the blue and the gray the first floral offerings of a common country. We have no powerless foes. Post 19 thinks of the Southern dead only as brave men.

A. R. CALHOUN,
Post Commander.

AUG. H. SAURMAN, Adjutant.

To the above the following reply has been made by many of the men who fought on the Southern side during the war:—

To Pennsylvania Post No. 19 of the Grand Army of the Republic:

We are pleased to see that you "decided not to pass by the graves of the Confederates sleeping in your lines, but to divide each year between the blue and the gray the first floral offerings of a common country." Knowing your valor upon many a hard-contested field, we appreciate your magnanimity in not passing by the Southern dead, and rest assured that, in paying our respects to the fallen heroes of the unhappy conflict, the Union and Confederate dead will each receive that token of respect due to their valor.

Yours, &c,
MANY EX-CONFEDERATES OF WEST VIRGINIA.

POLITICAL.—The Republican State Convention in Pennsylvania re-nominated Gen. Geary for Governor by 122 votes out of 133. A platform was adopted approving the ratification of the Suffrage Amendment, and the rejection of the Alabama Treaty, and expressing sympathy for peoples who are struggling to obtain universal freedom.

The Republican Convention in Ohio renominated R. B. Hayes for Governor. Resolutions were adopted endorsing the administration of President Grant, favoring the ratification of the Suffrage Amendment, and denouncing the course of the Democratic Legislature of the state.

☞ Secretary Borie, of the Navy, has resigned, and George M. Robeson, Attorney-General of New Jersey, been appointed his successor. Mr. Borie resigned on account of ill-health and private business.

☞ A musician, named Gruffydd, has been appointed "Welsh Harper extraordinary" to the Prince of Wales.

☞ There are now 2,217 assistant assessors of Internal Revenue, a reduction of 963 having been made since November.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been moderately active. About 10,000 bbls sold in lots at $5@5.25 for superfine; $5.50@6 for extra; $6@7 for Northwest extra family, the latter rate for fancy; $6@7.50 for Penna extra family; $7@8.50 for Ohio and Indiana extra family, and $9@11 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—400 bbls sold at $6.25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—In Wheat there has been a fair business doing. 50,000 bus of red sold at $1.27@1.30; 50,000 bus of amber at $1.35@1.80; 2000 bus of choice Michigan amber at $1.65@1.70, and 10,000 bus of No. 1 spring at $1.45@1.50. Rye—25,000 bus of Penna and Western sold at $1.25@1.26. Corn—60,000 bus of prime yellow sold at 91@95c; 50,000 bus of high Western mixed at 90@93c ₱ bus. Oats—Sales of 60,000 bus at 75@77c for Western; 50@55c for Southern, and 65@68c ₱ bus for Penna.

PROVISIONS—There is less doing. Sales of 400 bbls Mess Pork at $23.25@24. Mess Beef sells at $21@22 for city packed. Sales of Beef Hams are quoted at $30@33. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@21c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 18@19½c, and shoulders at 15½c. Green Meats—600 tcs pickled Hams sold at 17½@18½c; salt shoulders at 11½c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs Western at 20@20½c for steam and kettled rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 15@20c, and prime roll at 22@25c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 18@20c. Eggs sell at 22@24c ₱ doz.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron is quoted at $38 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $15 to 20 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX—Sales yellow at 46@47c ₱ lb.

HAY—Sales of prime Timothy ₱ 100 lbs $1,35@1.40; mixed do $1,20@1,25; inferior do $1,10@1,15, and Straw $2,00@2,05.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 5@15c, according to quality.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing; sales of No. 1 Anthracite at $41@42, and No. 2 at $40@41. Scotch Pig is quoted at $43 ₱ ton. Manufactured Iron is quoted at $85 ₱ ton for Bars.

☞ The custom which prevails in sundry newspapers of giving humorous police reports is in bad taste. The poor creatures chosen for ridicule are rather objects of pity.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1550 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—17,000 head were disposed of at from 4½@6½c ₱ lb. 5400 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 14,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

☞ Anna Dickinson asks triumphantly whether ladies belong to any of the "rings" so much talked about. We don't know, indeed, Anna, but we have seen many a pretty young creature like you who couldn't look at a ring without wishing to have a finger in it.—*Prentice.*

"A Word to Horsemen."

DR. TOBIAS' CELEBRATED VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT has been tested by the first horsemen in this country, and proved to be superior to any other. The late Hiram Woodruff, of "trotting fame," was never without a bottle in his stable. It is also used by Col. Bush of the Jerome Park Course at Fordham, N. Y., who has over twenty running horses under his care, among which rank some of the finest stock in America. It is warranted to cure lameness, sprains, scratches, bruises, galls, cuts, wind galls, colic, sore throat, nail in the foot, and overheating, when used according to the directions.

All who own or employ horses are assured that this Liniment will do all, if not more, in curing the above-named complaints. No horse need die of colic, if, when first taken, the Liniment is used according to the directions. Always have a bottle in your stable.

Price, in pint bottles, one dollar. The genuine is signed S. I. Tobias on the outside wrapper. For sale by the druggists, saddlers, and store keepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. jy3-3t

☞ Chicago papers commend New York for not exhibiting jealousy of the commercial position of Chicago.

For Black Worms,

And Pimples on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond st., New York. Sold everywhere. The trade supplied in Philadelphia, by

my8-3m JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN.

☞ Motto for a journalist—"Do write and fear not."

Living Statues.

In the large halls, which are illustrated with paintings of battles in all the Russian campaigns, from Pultowa to Sebastopol, are posted companies of soldiers at the further end—a different regiment to each hall. For six hours these men and their officers stand motionless as statues. Not a movement except now and then of the eyelid, can be detected; even their respiration seems to be suspended. There is something weird and uncanny in such a preternatural silence and apparent death-in-life. I became impressed with the idea that some form of catalepsy had seized and bound them in strong trance. The eyeballs were fixed, they stared at me and saw me not; their hands were glued to the weapons, and their feet to the floor. I suspect there must have been some stolen relief when no guest happened to be present, yet, come when I might, I found them unchanged. When I reflected that the men were undoubtedly very proud of the distinction they enjoyed, and that their case demanded no sympathy, I could inspect and admire them with an easy mind.—*Byways of Europe. By Bayard Taylor.*

Let not Prejudice Usurp your Reason.

It is a fact that, in the minds of many persons, a prejudice exists against what are called patent medicines; but why should this prevent you resorting to an article that has such an array of testimony to support it as HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS? Physicians prescribe it; why should you discard it; Judges, usually considered men of talent, have used and do use it in their families; why should you reject it? Let not your prejudice usurp your reason to the everlasting injury of your health. If you are sick, and require a medicine, try these Bitters.

When the bodily energies are worn out by anxiety and need a stimulant, this is the best that can be taken. It is tempered and modified by hygienic herbs and roots, which prevent it from fevering the blood; and hence it does not produce a mere temporary excitement, to be followed by injurious reaction, but communicates a permanent potency to the entire vital organization. Some of its herbal constituents are slightly soporific, so that in cases where sleeplessness is one of the accompaniments of nervous disease, a dose of it taken towards bedtime will tend to produce quiet and refreshing slumber. For palpitation of the heart, tremors, hysterics, fainting fits, general restlessness and the causeless fears and distressing fancies to which ladies are especially subject, under certain morbid conditions of mind and body peculiar to their sex, the Bitters will be found the most agreeable and certain of all counter-irritants.

The constitutionally nervous may readily keep their infirmity in constant check by the daily use of this healthful vegetable tonic; and those who have "shattered their nerves," as the phrase is, either by imprudent indulgence or undue physical or intellectual labor, will find in this vitalizing elixir a prompt restorative. jy3-5t

☞ The other evening, at the Varieties Theatre, St. Louis, while the Can-can was being danced, a number of boquets were thrown on the stage to the female performers. When Mlle Conchita Rouzati came bounding forward to the footlights near the private box on the left side of the theatre, a young man, who was in a box, threw her a bouquet; she stopped dancing in a second, and bounded like an antelope into the box, seized the bouquet-thrower by the hair of the head, and administered to him several smart, stinging slaps on the jaws. Scaping back to the stage, she picked up the bouquet, which was still lying there, and dashed it in his face, the audience cheering vociferously all the time. She then resumed the dance.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep26-1y T. W. EVANS & CO.,
139 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

A PARIS princess sues for separation from her husband, and puts forth as the main ground an instance of conjugal cruelty. The prince did not beat her, did not kiss her waiting-maid, did not flirt, did not absent himself without cause, did not deny her an opera-box, a cashmere shawl, or any other necessary of life. But this monster in human form, returning to Paris after two years' absence in Mexico on duty, telegraphed to his disconsolate wife, not any words of thrilling joy at his return, but the brutally laconic message, "Where are my shirts? I cannot find them."

Dr. Gourand's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, removed from 453 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. je26-6m

☞ A French writer remarks:—"If a lady says to you, 'I can never love you,' wait a little longer; all hope is not lost. But if she says, 'No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I,' take your hat."

To Remove Moth Patches,

Freckles and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry. my8-3m

☞ Besides the thirteen railroads now centering in Chicago, seventeen others are building which will have a terminus in that city.

☞ A farmer near New Albany, Ind., has invented a steam plough. It is estimated the machine will plough thirty acres a day, to the depth of two feet. It will cost about fifteen hundred dollars.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—When the weary sufferer tosses upon his fevered pillow, let him use these Pills, which, by expelling the causes which obstruct his rest, will make him enjoy refreshing sleep.

Somnambulism.

Somnambulism is a very dangerous affection, which it has hitherto been found extremely difficult to cure. Professor Pellizzari, of Florence, seems to have hit upon a successful as well as a curious plan, which simply consists in winding once or twice round one's leg, on going to bed, a thin flexible copper wire, long enough to reach the floor. Eighteen somnambulists treated in this way have been either radically cured, or temporarily weaned from their unfortunate infirmity. The Gazetta Medica of Venice, which reports the fact, says that copper wire is known to dissipate magnetic somnambulism, and that this circumstance led the professor to have recourse to this strange remedy.

Sarsaparillian.

HIDDEN VIRTUES BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

For 300 years the curative properties of Sarsaparilla have lain dormant in a part of the root, that have escaped the notice of chemists. By the *new process recently discovered* by *Dr. RADWAY*, in extracting the medicinal properties from vegetable substances that enter the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT, SARSAPARILLIAN*, the crystalline principle of Sarsaparilla, was found to possess *the true virtues* ascribed to this root, and, obtained as it now is under *Dr. RADWAY'S new process*, rescues, by its wonderful curative power over all forms of Chronic, Skin, Scrofulous, and uncured secondary diseases, the reputation of Sarsaparilla from the unfavorable opinions of the medical faculty.

SARSAPARILLIAN, SARSAPARILLIAN, associated with other ingredients of extraordinary curative properties, enters into the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, and this remedy may now be considered as the most effectual and quick curative remedy in all Chronic Glandular, Skin, Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary diseases. In diseases of the Lungs, Bronchi, Throat, and Liver, it affords immediate assistance. It communicates its curative powers through the blood, sweat, and urine. The moment it is swallowed it commences its work of purification and the expulsion of corrupt humors from the blood. It repairs the waste of the body with sound and healthy material, and secures functional harmony of each depraved organ in the natural secretion of its proper constituents. In cases where there is difficulty in the Kidneys, and Diabetes, Gravel, Catarrh, or Irritation of the Bladder, Bright's Disease, &c., &c., is present, this remedy will give immediate relief, and insure a cure.

Question.—Dr. A. asks, "Will your Resolvent make a permanent cure of uncured secondary disease? If so, have you satisfactory proof?"

Answer.—We have a number of cases of persons that were unsuccessfully treated on the Parisian plan of vapor baths of Mercury, Arsenic, Sulphur, and the administration of Mercury, Potass, Iodine, where their sufferings were only suppressed, and in a few months the disease appeared again—that as far back as 1849-50—and when treated by the Renovating Resolvent, as prepared under the new process, were cured, and, since married, have had children, and no trace of disease or impure blood has been developed in their children up to this time. We have not heard of one instance of the reappearance of the old disease that was treated by the Resolvent under its new mode of preparation. As it is now prepared, its power over all diseases generated in the blood, or where there are poisonous elements in the blood, either Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Worms in the Skin, Salt Rheum, Cancerous Ulcers or Tumors, is quick and positive. In all cases where there is disease caused by impure blood, depraved habit of system, functional derangement, or through the evil effects of Mercury or imperfect digestion, this remedy *will cure*, if it is in the power of human agency to do so. The experience of over 25 years gives us confidence in the curative efficacy of our remedies, and justifies us in making these promises to the public.

Price of R. R. Resolvent (Sarsaparillian), $3 for six bottles, or $1 per bottle, at No. 87 Maiden lane, and by druggists. Ask for *RADWAY'S RESOLVENT*, and see that each bottle has the word *SARSAPARILLIAN* on the outside label.

RADWAY & Co., No. 87 Maiden lane, New York.

Sold by Druggists everywhere, and in Philadelphia by Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch St. my29-tf

☞ A German astronomer has written a pamphlet to prove that we are soon to have a second moon, and that it will be nearer the earth than the present moon.

The Best Clothes Wringer.

Be very particular about getting the "Universal Wringer" with cog-wheels. This is the only one we recommend, and our endorsement of this is without mental reservation or modification.—*Universalist.*

☞ A carpenter being asked for a riddle, propounded the following: "I picked it up; I couldn't find it; I put it down, and went along with it." No one could guess it. It was a splinter in his foot.

TO PRESERVE AND DRESS THE HAIR.—One of the best dressings for the hair ever invented is *Burnett's Cocoaine*. Ladies dressing their hair elaborately, for the evening, will find that it will keep in shape for hours. Its qualities as preventing the hair from falling, are truly remarkable.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of June, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. SIMEON BARDSLEY to Miss ANNA E. WALL, both of this city.

On the 6th of June, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JOHN W. CROWTHER to Miss MARIA WARNER, both of this city.

On the 31st of June, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, WESLEY HIBBS, Esq., to Mrs. ISABELLA JACKSON, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 21st of June, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. THOMAS MCKIBBEY, Jr., to Miss CHRISTINA THOMPSON, both of this city.

On the 17th of June, by the Rev. W. R. Work, Mr. GEORGE BRYAN, of Frankford, to Miss ANNIE M. BRUCE, of West Chester.

On the 25th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. WILLIAM J. DUDLEY to JOSEPHINE HATHURST, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of June, ELEANOR, widow of the late Richard Barrington, in her 84th year.

On the 23d of June, Mrs. ESTHER, wife of Malcolm M. Henderson.

On the 21st of June, WILLIAM HALL, aged 38 years.

On the 21st of June, ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG, in his 75th year.

On the 21st of June, THOMAS NIXON, aged 46 years.

On the 20th of June, Mrs. ELIZABETH SMITH, in her 87th year.

On the 20th of June, WILLIAM HARPER, in his 87th year.

On the 20th of June, GOWEN A. BROWN, a soldier of the war of 1812, aged 80 years.

On the 10th of June, CAROLINE JENKINS, aged 55 years.

VOYAGERS.

BY ELLEN H. FLAGG.

Drifting—drifting—drifting away,
  Past green or golden meadows,
Past the sentinel ranks of willow trees,
  Through the tender gloom of their shadows;
The level sun from the western hills
  On the stream each branch is flinging,
And, clear and sweet from her nest in the bough,
  You may hear the swallow singing.
    Drifting away, drifting away,
    Drifting down to the sunlit bay.

Drifting—drifting—drifting away,
  Down the golden stream of the hours,
And the glass that old Time so slowly turns,
  So wreathed with orange flowers,
Young hearts are counting the glowing sands,
  With fondest pulses beating!
Love's magic spell shines within their eyes;
  And the young lips always meeting.
    Drifting away, drifting away,
    Drifting on to the bridal day.

Drifting—drifting—drifting away,
  Down the wonderful river of Time,
And laughter, and tears, and sorrow, and song,
  All blend in a merciless chime.
No prayer shall turn back one wave of that stream,
  No strength may evade its tide;
We may meet, we may part, but the port is the same—
  The shore of Eternity wide.
    Drifting away, drifting away,
    Drifting away to the Judgment Day.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 10—FUNERALS (*Continued*).

In Burmah, though incremation is the national mode of disposing of the dead, the poorer classes *occasionally* bury. In such cases the body is laid out, immediately after death, on a long, narrow bench, and is clothed in the ordinary garb, but with the head and feet uncovered. Flowers are strewn over the corpse, and above it is placed a sort of canopy, composed of bamboo and tinsel paper, and decorated with flowers. The relatives sit around weeping, or seeming to do so, as their affection for the dead, or their want of it, may incline; but whether lamented or not, the deceased must be loudly bemoaned—etiquette requires it, and this capricious tyrant must be obeyed. From her requisitions there can be no appeal. In this onerous duty of weeping, the relatives are assisted, or rather, are led by *hired* mourners, who with torn garments and dishevelled hair, cast themselves on the ground, weeping, wailing, and howling, till utterly exhausted, where they lie, writhing and panting, on the earth, long enough for their exhausted energies to be recuperated. Then they arise, and repeat the same scenes over and over again, as long as the body remains in sight; and so perfectly is the role enacted as to bear all the evidences of sincerity—to the uninitinted. Whilst these scenes are transpiring within the dwelling in the immediate presence of the deceased, groups of friendly neighbors assemble under the temporary sheds around the house, to construct the coffin and the funeral car, with its adornments; to prepare the offerings for the officiating priests, and do whatever else may be needed for the occasion. These arrangements being completed, the body is deposited in the coffin, placed on the car, and amid singing, dancing, and revelry of every description, is borne away to the place of burial. The body and coffin are both covered over with flowers, and the car profusely decorated with tinsel and colored paper, whilst uncouth figures of demons, ghosts, genii (probably an admixture of all three, as we can scarcely believe that any thing at once so horrid and so grotesque ever existed in our own world, or any other,) are placed as sentinels or guards at the corners of the car, to keep off spirits still more "*uncanny*" than themselves. The car is borne on the shoulders of ten or twelve men hired for the occasion; and when the procession starts, it is headed always by two or more yellow-robed priests, who, during the whole ceremony, carefully hold their long-handled fans between their own faces and the new-made grave, that their sacred persons may not be defiled, either by the gaze of the vulgar, or the inhalation of air that has been rendered unclean by coming in contact with anything pertaining to death. Next the priests follows a company of men or boys, loaded with the fruit, rice, and betel-nut that constitute the dues of those lordly sons of the church; then musicians, with drums, gongs, tomtoms, and various wind instruments, the combined noise of which, united with the wild, unearthly songs of the minstrels, might seem, by a slight stretch of imagination, to issue from Tartarus itself, and to assimilate rather to the wailings of the lost, than to any earthly sound. Next in order follows the car containing the corpse, and immediately in its rear the relatives of the deceased, in torn garments, dishevelled hair, and earth-begrimed faces. These are escorted by another band of hired mourners, also wailing forth dolorous plaints, as they beat their breasts and tear their hair, in well-dissembled grief. After these mourners comes a party of women and girls, bearing flowers, fruit, betel-nut, and water for the dead; and the rear is brought up by a motley crowd—an incongruous mixture of various races, ages, and conditions, who from interest or curiosity, affection for the deceased or love of excitement, join in the procession that is escorting the deceased to his last, long home. Sometimes intoxicating drinks are distributed among the bearers and musicians, when the most revolting scenes commonly ensue. The bearers, exhilarated by the fumes of the *arrack*, jump and dance with frantic violence, shaking and tumbling about the corpse in a shocking manner, while the minstrels yell, and shriek, and breathe forth such appalling strains of diabolical passion as might startle the arch fiend himself.

Amid this din and confusion the coffin is lowered to its place; the company, mourners and all, refresh themselves with food and drink, the remains of which are put into the grave; each relative throws in a handful of dirt, the drums beat a still louder requiem, the mourners pour forth a last, loud, nefarious yell, and the grave is filled up.

The people then bow down and worship before the priests, repeating after them a sort of incantation, evoking the care of the good spirits over the remains of the deceased; and then a lively air is played by the full band, and during the performance the company either disperse to their homes, or enter upon some exhilarating game, and the funeral rites are ended.

F. R. F.

Popular Fallacies Concerning Diet.

BY GEORGE M. BEARD, M. D.

There are more fallacies abroad among the people in regard to diet than on almost any other subject of hygiene. These are not confined to the ignorant and uneducated. They are accepted among the most learned and by those in the highest literary and social positions. These errors are due partly to the fact that the subject of food is a very difficult one, and cannot be entirely understood without some study and care.

Most of these errors, however, are the result of the false teachings of writers on health. Alcott, Graham, President Hitchcock, all sincere, honest men, but thoroughly at fault on nearly all their ideas of hygiene, exercised a powerful influence in their day, and the evil effects of their teachings still remain, and work terrible mischief.

I will briefly point out some of the errors that have been taught by these and others, and which are still abroad among the people.

In the *first* place, it is a fallacy to suppose that *people, as a rule, eat too much, and that most of the diseases of the world come from over-feeding.*

The truth is that, among all decent or civilized people, the tendency is directly the reverse. In our country, and especially in our large cities, far more are underfed than overfed. In civilized, hard-working communities, excessive alimentation is the exception, and not the rule. Throughout our land, thousands and thousands die every year from actual starvation. Some of these unfortunates are little children whose parents are too ignorant, or too poor, to give them what is necessary to sustain life. But many of them are adults, whom hard poverty, or sad ignorance, has forced into a habit of systematic though undesigned starvation. Day after day their stomach receives less nutriment than the system demands. Day after day the vital powers slowly fade, the strength grows less, the spirits become morbid, and the face wan and dejected. Disease now steps in, attacks and carries by force some important citadel of the body, and death follows. The process is a slow one—sometimes very slow—extending, perhaps, over many years, but it is oftentimes just as sure as it is slow.

As a rule, the savages eat less than the civilized. They may gorge themselves at long intervals, like the Bushmen and Hottentots of South Africa, and the Greenlanders and Esquimaux; but between these seasons of hideous gluttony many days often intervene. The average quantity of nutriment that most of the barbarous tribes consume is unquestionably less than that of the civilized, who take three regular meals daily. Indeed, most of the wild races lead a very precarious existence in regard to food. They subsist on snails, bugs, clay, insipid or bitter fruit, unsightly worms, and other substances equally abominable, which are neither nutritious nor agreeable.

I say, then, that the civilized eat more than the savage, and that they ought to do so. The reason is clear. They work harder. They use their brains more. Labor of the brain is always accompanied by waste of tissue. It has been estimated, by Professor Houghton, that three hours of brain-work cause as important changes of tissue as a whole day devoted to mere muscular labor.

There are drones, all through society, who do nothing but live on others. There are gluttons and gourmands, all through society, who do nothing but eat and drink. But gluttons and gourmands are exceptions in civilized lands. Many children undoubtedly eat too much and too often; but they almost always break off the habit before reaching adult age.

Even among our rich and luxurious classes, the number of those who injure themselves by over-eating is far less than the number of those who injure themselves by under-eating. Rich and fashionable people use their brains very actively—oftentimes, it must be allowed, in acts of frivolity and dissipation—are usually hard-working men of business, and need more and a greater variety of food than those who do little or nothing, or who live by muscular toil alone.

In the *second* place, *it is a fallacy to suppose that vegetable food is healthier and easier of digestion than animal.*

Comparative anatomy, physiology, experience, our natural appetites, and the history of the world, all show us that man should have a mixed diet—flesh, fish, fruit, and vegetables.

The contrary doctrine is one of the most monstrous errors that ever infested society. It has carried hundreds and thousands to early graves. The popularity of this error, at one time, was partly the result of the popularity of the man who advocated it.

In this country, we love extremes, and roll them as sweet morsels under our tongues. Vegetarianism is an extreme, and therefore Americans cherished it. At the present time it is not practically advocated by any large or influential number; but there are very many who theoretically believe in the heresy, and who think that they do wrong when they eat flesh or fish. Thus they go on all their lives violating their consciences. "Woe unto the man who creates a sin!"

The truth is, that vegetables, potatoes, turnips, carrots, etc., are not only less digestible than fresh beef and mutton, but they are also less nutritious. They linger longer on the stomach, and, being composed mostly of water, give less nutriment to the system. Therefore, many, who cannot digest vegetables at all, can eat and relish and assimilate beefsteak, mutton, lamb, chicken, turkey, etc., without difficulty. Chronic invalids and dyspeptics should, as a rule, eat largely of fresh meat and fish, and very moderately of vegetables.

It is true, however, that vegetables, bread and fruit, are all necessary, and all should be used under the guidance of experience, and the taste of each individual.

But it must not be forgotten that more *acute* diseases—far more—arise from fruit and vegetables than from flesh and fish. Each individual must, therefore, find out for himself, by his own experience, what he can indulge in, and what he must forego.

Another fallacy, *in regard to diet, is to suppose that the natural appetite is not the best guide as to the quantity and quality of our food.*

It is true that the appetite does sometimes become perverted. It is true that it does become sometimes a symptom of disease. But these cases are exceptional.

Hideous doctrines have been taught on this subject. We have been solemnly told to rise from the table as hungry as when we sat down. We have been told to be always ready for a meal—in other words, to live in a state of perpetual hunger. We have been told to eat those things that we most hate, and to avoid those things that we most love—that to have a longing for any article, is the very reason why we should be denied it.

These doctrines are monstrous. They are unworthy of the nineteenth century. They are a libel on the Creator who gave us taste and appetite, in order that we might know what to eat and drink, and gave us also judgment to direct appetite and taste when the system becomes diseased.

Notwithstanding all its liability to perversion, the appetite is, on the whole, a better guide in selecting food, and in measuring its quantity, than all the books on hygiene that have ever been written.

The practice of weighing the food, which was introduced to the world by the example and teachings of Cornaro, the Italian, cannot be too strongly reprobated. It is impossible for the *scales* to tell us how much to eat. The quantity of food that we need depends on the amount of labor that we do, on the nature of the constitution, on our mental moods, and on the quality and variety of the food which is served.

To weigh or measure the food habitually is not only silly, unnecessary, and useless; it is actually a crime. It wastes valuable hours that should be better employed. It makes us miserable, and that fact alone is argument enough against it. It brings on indigestion and all other woes, and therefore prevents us from getting the best advantage of what we eat.

Another common fallacy, in regard to diet, is the theory that one or two kinds of food, at each meal, are more easily digested, and more wholesome, than a large and palatable variety.

Our books on health tell us over and over again that *two articles* at each meal are sufficient, and that we shall be liable to eat more if the table is covered with a generous variety.

My advice is emphatic and clear. Let there be as generous, agreeable, and attractive a variety at each meal as we can afford. Let the limits of that variety be determined by our purses, our tastes, our appetites, and our talent in cooking, and not by the books.

It is possible for nearly every family to have a good variety of food at each meal, or, at least, at the principal meal of the day, without great expense. Cookery is one of the fine arts. It should be made a study. We have good books on cookery at the present time, and every young wife who loves her household, and every young maiden who hopes to have a household to love, should study the best works on this subject, just as they study grammar, arithmetic, and geography in the schools; and, above all, should practice the art *with their own hands* at home.

Genius never made any lady a good cook. The art is acquired by close study and patient practice, by many and repeated failures. A good cook can make a pleasant and healthful meal out of a few simple articles. A poor cook will make a wretched dinner, even with the whole market at her disposal. I hope to see the day when the art of preparing food will be taught in our schools, like other important branches; when young girls and young wives will go to the cooking-school as they now go to the dancing-hall, and when even ladies of fashion will boast of their bread and their puddings as they now boast of their acquisitions in music and French.

A variety of food is more healthful than one or two kinds, because it is more easily digested. This is a law of Nature. Appetite teaches us to combine sweet with sour, vegetables with meat, dry food with watery, etc.

A meal composed simply of dry Graham bread, or of potatoes, or of fruit oven, is far, far less palatable and less digestible than a meal composed of all three varieties at once. Science and experience are here in perfect accord.

If, therefore, we must eat candy, let it either be with or just after our meals. If we must eat sweets in the evening, let us have sour fruit—apples, or lemons, or oranges—at the same time, and we shall be less injured. We should never eat a large quantity, either of sweet or of sour substances, on a perfectly empty stomach.

Still *another common fallacy is, that brain-workers need less nutriment than those who live by their muscles.*

This idea would never have been entertained if people had depended on their own observation and experience. But we have been influenced by false teachings and erroneous theories.

Any one who has attended associations of clergymen, or alumni meetings, or has boarded with students, has had opportunity to see that brain-workers are large eaters, as indeed they should be if they are really hard workers. The *changes of tissue* in the brain, that take place *during study and thought*, are very important and very *rapid, and must be replaced* by abundant food.—*Appleton's Journal.*

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble,
  Trip lightly over wrong,
We only make grief double
  By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
  Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
  Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
  Though all the day be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
  And gayly sing the lark;
Fair hopes have not departed,
  Though roses may have fled;
Then never be down-hearted,
  But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
  Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness,
  On this side of the tomb;
When stars are nightly shining,
  And the heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
  But look for joy instead.

☞ Some young ladies of the *elite* of Parisian society, have obtained at the last *fete* a real success, by showing themselves with their hair simply braided.

STRANGERS NOW.

Years of chequered life together,
Days of fair and stormy weather,
Hours of toil and weary pain,
Moments of eternal gain—
All are gone—we know not how!
And have left us strangers now!

Words that flowed to lighten care,
Thoughts which others could not share,
Hopes too bright for mortal eyes,
Prayers for wisdom from the skies—
All have ceased—we know not how!
And have left us strangers now!

Will it evermore be thus?
Shall the past be lost to us?
Can the souls, united here,
Never once again be near?
Must we to the sentence bow—
Strangers ever, strangers now?

Thorns amid the roses press,
Earth is but a wilderness;
Flitting o'er a fallen race,
Love can find no resting place:
Where his flowers immortal grow,
Shall we be as strangers now?

The Classification of Birds.

"You talked, Master B., the other day about 'classing,' as you call it, the pigeons along with the cocks and hens. If you had thought of their nests, you would never have made that mistake." "Why, Mr. Bolt," said I, "would you class birds by their nests?" "And why not, if they are to be classed at all? There is no one thing that birds are so constant and regular in as the making of their nests, more especially in their lining. Who ever saw a wren's or a tit's nest that was not full of feathers, or a warbler's with a feather in it? Did you ever know a blackbird line its nest with aught but fibrous roots, or a song-thrush collect any soft lining at all? Did you ever see a finch's nest that was not finished to a hair, or a missel-thrush that has not left a lock of wool hanging over the side? Many a missel's has escaped taking, from the belief that it had been taken already. The lining of a rook's nest is always slovenly, moss and wool mostly; a carrion crow's is round and smooth as a basin, cow and horse-hair. Then look at the little grebe—the didopper, as you call her—she dives down to the bottom of the pool for every morsel of weed with which she lines her nest; the coot and the moorhen fetch theirs from a distance; while the swan sits on her nest and catches the floating pieces as they pass." I acknowledged the uniformity of birds in this matter, and remarked that birds were very clever in the art of concealing their nests; but the old man would not admit this. "I don't believe, Master B., that they ever think of hiding their nests at all, at least not until they have been taken once or twice; and then, as in everything else, they profit by experience. Why should a bird think that you and I want to take its nest? If they did they would never come, as they do, near houses and homesteads to build. Nine-tenths of the blackbirds' and thrushes' nests in a wood are within ten feet of the ride. Nature provides for the protection of the eggs by coloring them like the substances near which they are laid. Eggs on the ground are dark; eggs in the bush are green or blue; white eggs are always hid in holes of trees or banks. There are such like differences in the eggs of different birds; but the same birds line their nests the same way, just as they lay the same eggs." This axiom I verified in numberless instances in after years. I remember an especial one, in a wild part of Ireland, called Ballycroy, where I lived for some years. There is not a tree in the barony, not one, I think, within four miles of where I was located. I had observed that the water-ousel invariably places four or five dried oak leaves beneath the first lining of her nest. On examining one taken close to my house, I found the five leaves, oak leaves, as usual. Where did they come from?—*Flood, Field, and Forest. By Geo. Rooper.*

Presents.

The method by which the money for testimonials is raised cannot be unknown to any person of ordinary observation. They are generally paid for by many, though originated and engineered by a few. The many may or may not feel an interest in the person to whom it is to be given; they may or may not appreciate the "many noble qualities" of the destined recipient, which are to be duly set forth in the accompanying address. The fact of a man subscribing to a testimonial fund is no evidence of his knowing or caring anything about the person to whom it is to be given. It may show only that he has been asked for a sum of money and has not had the inclination to refuse. When a presentation is to be made to a teacher by his pupils, what poor fellow dares to withhold his dime or his quarter, even though his pocket-money be limited, and his appetite for tarts and candy insatiable? We are all only children of a larger growth. We have known the wife of the chief of a large Government bureau to receive a present of a set of diamonds, to which no clerk in the bureau gave less than five dollars. They neither knew her nor esteemed her husband. There was one, however, who wished to obtain political favor with his chief; he succeeded, at an expense of a few dollars to himself, and by fleecing his comrades of an aggregate of several thousand. The demand was made upon them and they dared not refuse. With them fear of losing their situations was the potent influence; fear of losing social caste is no less powerful. Testimonials are generally the result of a desire, on the part of a limited number of persons, to make a much more expensive present than they feel able or inclined to pay for. It is a species of social robbery against which general protests should be made.

There was a time when presents were emblems of kindly feeling, and of nothing more. They were comparatively inexpensive and bore some relation to the pecuniary ability of the donor. This has changed. They are now among the essential requirements of society; and an invitation to a wedding, to a surprise party, or, worst of all, a silver or a golden wedding, is a peremptory demand to loosen our purse-strings, and widely too, unless we would have our meanness paraded with as great publicity as possible. These are forms of social robbery, and they give to society a mercenary aspect, reminding one strongly of the worshippers of Thor, among whom "every favor or kindness received called for a return, and who were little apt to waste good offices upon such as seemed unable to requite them."

Dolly:

A WESTERN DROVER'S STORY.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover; and I live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a house in sight when we moved there, my wife and I, and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as I ever saw. I was to buy some dry goods and groceries before I came back, and above all, a doll for our youngest Dolly; she had never had a store doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother made her.

Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent can understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing, I hurried off to buy Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in a paper and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her doll.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the darkest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way, though, I remembered it so well, and it was almost midnight when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents five miles, or may be, six, from home yet, too.

I rode on as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened—I heard it again. I called and it answered. I couldn't see a thing; all was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass—called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares, and rob and murder me.

I am not superstitious—not very, but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human.

The bit of coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away, but once more I heard that cry, and said I—

"If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake, but when I got into the dooryard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amidst them weeping.

When she saw me she hid her face. "Oh, don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

And one said, "Nothing now, I hope—what's that in your arms?"

"A poor, lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you, I've turned faint;" and I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of my own child, my own Dolly.

It was my darling, and none other, that I had picked up upon the drenched road.

My little child had wandered out to meet "daddy" and the doll, while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked heaven on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help on the road, the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

That's Dolly yonder with her mother in the meadow, a girl worth saving—I think (but then, I'm her father, and partial, may be)—the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of the Mississippi.

Hints on Travelling.

Don't wear your best bonnet, or people will think you have no better opportunity to display it. Plain straw is better taste. Light-colored gloves are an abomination for travelling costume. Pack your jewelry in your trunk instead of hanging it about your person, and don't judge your fellow-travellers by the splendor of their dress or the number of yards in their mantillas. Disagreeable mistakes have been made in this way. Don't deem it useless to be polite to the spectacled old lady, or the pale young girl. They may not belong to the butterfly ranks of fashion, but they are none the less capable of appreciating that kind of etiquette which springs from the heart. Don't talk and laugh loudly and boisterously. Your private affairs may be very engrossing to yourself, but they can hardly be expected to interest the public. Don't load yourselves with parasols, fans, baskets, parcels, shawls, reticules and books. The less "hand baggage" you can get along with the better. Don't discover, just as the boat is on the point of starting, that you have left your shawl, and send your luckless escort back to find it, unless you want to disgust him thoroughly with lady travellers. Don't begin to complain when you are a little tired. Some ladies think it interesting to behave like grown-up children on such occasions. Nobody likes to hear people fret over weariness that cannot be helped. Remember that others besides yourself may be fatigued. Don't find fault with all the hotel accommodations that you meet. Don't scrutinize the napkins and turn the plates upside down, and declare it impossible to eat your breakfast without a silver fork, and allude ostentatiously to "what you have been accustomed to." Those who know the world will need no more convincing proof that you are outside the pale of really good society. Just make up your mind before you start out from home that you will look on the sunniest side of everything, enjoy yourself as much as you possibly can, and use every endeavor to make the journey as pleasant to those around you, and it will be very singular if somebody isn't the better for it.

☞ In Scotland, recently, a widower of 60 was married at 4.20 A. M., to a young lady of 22. "An early marriage late in life."

FAREWELL.

Breathe softly, wind, around his parting sails,
And waft him swiftly on thy whispering wing
Unto some peaceful shore, whose quick'ning gales
Now life and hope may bring.

Smile softly, summer skies, in cloudless blue,
Or dim with showers, hide your sparkling sheen;
But bright with day or veiled in evening dew,
Still bend o'er him serene.

Flow softly, waters, o'er a waveless sea,
And bear him smoothly: with your rippling streams,
Full of vague memories, sweet, and strange, and free,
Charm him to pleasant dreams.

Shine softly, quiet stars, whose pitying eyes
Keep nightly watch for those whose loving fears
Follow him ever, with sad-lingering sighs,
And passionate fond tears.

O wind, and sea, and stars, and summer skies!
Be gentle wardens; let him safely roam,
Till longing hearts and tender, happy eyes
Welcome the wanderer home.

STREET SCENE IN A CHINESE CITY.

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHASE OF THE NANDUS.

At the Estancia of San Julian, the hours passed away pleasantly, in talking and dreams of happiness, and Don Valentine shared the joy of his two children. Don Torribio, since the official announcement of Dona Concha's marriage, had not been seen again either at San Julian or Carmen, to the great amazement of everybody. Mercedes, gentle and simple, had become the friend, almost the sister of Concha. The frank and pealing laugh of the girls cheered the echoes of the house, and caused the capatas to grow pensive, for, at the sight of the bomberos' sister, he had felt his heart turn towards her, like the heliotrope to the sun. Don Blas, resembling a soul in purgatory, prowled round Mercedes at a distance, to look at her unperceived. Everybody at the estancia had observed the worthy man's distress, and he alone, in spite of his heavy sighs, did not know what it all meant. They ventured to ridicule him, though without wounding his feelings, and laugh at his singular ways.

One fresh November morning, shortly after sunrise, there was a great commotion at the estancia of San Julian. Several horses, held by black slaves, were stamping impatiently at the foot of the steps; servants were running backwards and forwards; and Don Blas, dressed in his best clothes, was awaiting his master's arrival.

At length Don Valentine and Don Sylvio appeared, accompanied by the two ladies. At the sight of Mercedes, the capatas felt fire rise from his heart to his face, he drew himself up, curled his moustache cordially, and gave his well-beloved a tender and respectful glance.

"Good-day, Blas, my friend," Don Valentine said to him cordially. "I fancy we shall have a fine day's sport."

"I think so too, excellency; the weather is superb."

"Have you chosen quiet horses for my daughter and her companion?"

"Oh, excellency," the capatas answered; "I lassoed them myself on the coral. I answer for them, on my head. They are real Indies' horses—lambs."

"We are easy in mind," said Dona Concha, "for we know that Don Blas spoils us."

"Come, to horse, and let us start."

"Yes, it is a long ride from here to the plain of the Nandus (a species of the ostrich)," said Blas, with an affectionate glance at Mercedes.

The little party, composed of twenty well-armed men, proceeded to the battery, where Patito lowered the drawbridge.

"You must double your vigilance," the capatas said to the gaucho.

"Don't be alarmed, Senor Blas. Good luck to you and the honorable company," Patito added, waving his hat in the air.

"Raise the drawbridge, Patito."

"Any one who gets into the estancia, capatas, will be sharper than you and I."

In Patagonia, at a short distance from the rivers, all the plains are alike; sand, ever sand, and here and there some stunted bushes. Such was the road to the plain of the Nandus.

Don Valentine had invited his future son-in-law to an ostrich hunt, and, as may be supposed, Conchita wished to be of the party.

Ostrich hunting is one of the great amusements of the Spaniards in Patagonia and the Argentine Republic, where those birds are found in great numbers.

The ostriches usually live in small families of eight or ten, scattered along the edges of marshes, pools, and lakes; and they feed on fresh grass. Faithful to the native nook, they never leave the vicinity of the water, and, in the month of November, they lay their eggs, which are frequently fifty to sixty in number, in the wildest part of the desert, and only sit on them at night. When incubation is over, the bird breaks with its beak the addled eggs, which are at once covered with flies and insects, that serve as food for the young.

A characteristic feature of the manners of the ostriches is their extreme curiosity. At the estancias, where they live in a domestic state, it is not uncommon to see them stalking about among the groups and looking at people who are conversing together. On the plains their curiosity is often fatal to them, for they come up without hesitation to investigate everything that appears to them strange. Here is a rather good Indian story referring to this. The cougouars lie down on the ground, raise their tail in the air, and wave it in all directions. The ostriches, attracted by the sight of this strange object, come up in their simplicity; the rest can be guessed—they become victims to the tricks of the cougouars.

The hunters, after a rather quick ride for nearly two hours, reached the plain of the Nandus. The ladies dismounted on the bank of a stream, and four men, with their rifles on their hips, remained with them. The hunters exchanged their horses for others black slaves had led by the bridle for them, and then divided into two equal bands. The first, commanded by Don Valentine, entered the plain, forming a semicircle, so as to drive the game into a ravine, situated between two sand ridges. The second band, having at its head the hero of the day, Don Sylvio, formed a long line, which constituted the other moiety of the circle. This circle was gradually contracted by the advance of the horsemen, when a dozen ostriches showed themselves; but the male bird, that stood as sentry, warned the family of its danger, by a cry sharp as a boatswain's whistle. The ostriches fled rapidly, in a straight line, and without looking back.

All the hunters started after them at a gallop, and the hitherto silent plain became very animated.

The horsemen pursued the luckless birds at the full speed of their steeds, and raised clouds of fine dust as they passed. About fifteen yards behind the game, still galloping and digging their spurs into their horses' flanks, they bent forward, whirling round their heads the terrible bolas and hurling them with all their strength at the animals. If they missed their throw they stooped down on one side, without stopping, and picked up the bolas, which they threw again.

Several families of ostriches had got up, and the chase soon grew most exciting. Yells and shouts were heard all around; the bolas whistled through the air, and twined round the necks, wings, and legs of the ostriches, which, wild with terror, made a thousand feints and turns to escape their enemies, and tried, by flapping their wings, to wound the horses with the species of nail with which the extremity of their wings is armed.

Several startled horses reared, and embarrassed by three or four ostriches that got between their legs, fell, bearing their riders to the ground with them. The birds, taking advantage of the confusion, escaped to the side where other hunters were waiting for them, where they fell under a shower of bolas. Each hunter dismounted, killed his victim, cut off its wings as a trophy, and then resumed the chase with fresh ardor. Ostriches and hunters fled and galloped rapidly as the pampero.

Some fifteen ostriches strewed the plain, and Don Valentine gave the signal to retreat. The birds which had not fallen hurried with wings and feet to a place of safety. The dead were carefully picked up, for the ostrich is excellent eating, and the South Americans prepare from the meat off the breast, a dish renowned for its delicacy and exquisite flavor, which they call *picanilla*.

The slaves went to look for the eggs, which are also highly esteemed, and obtained a large quantity of them.

Although the hunt had only lasted an hour the horses were panting; hence the return to the estancia took place but slowly. The hunters did not return till a little before sunset.

"Well, Don Valentine," asked Patito, "has anything of importance happened during my absence?"

"Nothing, excellency!" Patito replied, "a gaucho, who said he had come from Carmen on important business, insisted on being let in to speak with Don Sylvio d'Arenal."

This gaucho, for whom Patito had been very careful not to lower the drawbridge, was his dear and honest friend Corrocho, who, it may be remembered, wanted to kill him cleverly. Corrocho had gone off in a very bad temper, without leaving any message.

"What do you think about this gaucho's arrival, Don Sylvio?" Don Valentine asked, when they were comfortably seated in the drawing-room.

"It does not surprise me," Sylvio answered. "My own house is being got ready at Carmen, and, no doubt, my orders are wanted."

"That is possible."

"I am hurrying on the workmen, father. I am so eager to be married that I fear lest my happiness should slip from my grasp," said Don Silvio.

"And I too," said Dona Concha, her face becoming purple.

"There is a little article for you," said Don Valentine. "The hearts of girls are at work when you least expect it. Patience, Miss, for three days longer."

"My good father!" Conchita cried, as she hid her face in Don Valentine's bosom, that the tears of joy might not be seen.

"Oh! in that case I will start to-morrow for Carmen, especially as I am awaiting from Buenos Ayres papers indispensable for our marriage—our happiness," Don Silvio added, looking at his well-beloved.

"I hope," she said, "you will start very early, so as to return in the morning of the next day."

"I shall be here to-morrow evening. Can I remain long away from you, my dear Conchita?"

"No, Don Sylvio, no. I implore you. I do not wish you to return at night."

"Why not?" the young man asked, slightly piqued at this remark.

"I really cannot tell you; but I feel frightened at the thought of your crossing the Pampa alone and by night.

"Oh!" she continued, seeing Don Sylvio about to speak, "I know that you are brave, almost too brave; but gaucho bandits abound in the plain. Do not expose a life which is so dear to me, which is no longer your own, Sylvio; and listen to the warnings of a heart which is no longer mine."

"Thanks, Conchita. Still I have no one to fear in this country, where I am a stranger. Moreover, I never leave the estancia without looking like a theatrical bandit, so covered am I with weapons."

"No matter," Dona Concha continued; "if you love me—"

"If I love you!" he interrupted, passionately.

"If you love me, you must take pity on my anxiety, and—obey me."

"Come, come!" said Don Valentine, with a laugh. "On my soul you are mad, Conchita, and your romances have turned your head. You only dream of brigands, ambuscades, and treachery."

"What would you have, father? Is it my fault? The foreboding of a coming misfortune agitates me, and I wish to leave nothing to chance."

"Do not cry, my darling child," the father said to Concha, as she burst into tears. "Kiss me. I was wrong. Your betrothed and myself will do all you please. Does that satisfy you?"

"Do you really mean it?" Dona Concha asked, smiling through her tears.

"Oh, senorita!" Sylvio exclaimed, in a tone of tender reproach.

"You render me perfectly happy. I only ask one thing. Let Blas Sallazar accompany you."

"As you please."

"Do you promise it?"

"On my honor."

"Then," Don Valentine said, gayly, "all is for the best, little maid. I suspect, Conchita, that you are somewhat jealous, and afraid of losing Sylvio."

"Perhaps so," she said, maliciously.

"Such things have happened," her father said, teasingly. "So, Don Sylvio, you intend starting to-morrow morning?"

"At sunrise, in order to avoid the great heat; and, as I do not hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again before I go, I will take leave of you at once."

"Kiss one another, children! When persons part, especially if they love, they ought to embrace as if they were never going to meet again in this world."

"Really, father," said Conchita, "you have such ideas—"

"I was only in fun, my dear child."

"Pleasant journey, Don Sylvio; and we shall see you again the day after to-morrow."

"You may be sure of that."

The next morning at sunrise, Don Sylvio d'Arenal left the estancia. At the bottom of the steps the capatas and two slaves were waiting for him. Involuntarily the young man, before starting, turned his head towards the window of his beloved, which suddenly opened.

"Farewell," said Dona Concha, with some emotion in her voice.

"Farewell," Sylvio replied, wafting her a kiss, "till we meet again."

"That is true," she said. "We shall soon meet again."

The capatas gave a heavy sigh; he was, doubtless, thinking of Mercedes, and saying to himself that Don Sylvio was a very lucky man.

Don Sylvio, whose heart was contracted, though he knew not the cause, gave a last signal to his betrothed, and soon disappeared among the trees. Dona Concha followed him for a long time with her eyes, for a longer time with her heart; and soon as she was alone, she felt sadness assail her, and she wept and sobbed bitterly.

"Oh, Heaven!" she exclaimed, "protect him."

CHAPTER XII.

THE TOLDERIA.

On the banks of the Rio Negro, about five and twenty leagues from Carmen, stood the tolderia, or village of the Pass of the Guanacos.

This tolderia, a simple temporary encampment, like all the Indian villages, whose nomadic manners do not agree with fixed settlements, was composed of about one hundred *chocas*, or cabins irregularly grouped one after the other.

Each choca was formed of ten stakes fixed in the ground, four or five feet high at the sides, and six to seven in the centre, with an opening to the east, so that the owner of the choca might in the morning throw water in the face of the rising sun, a ceremony by which the Indians implore Gualichu not to injure their families during the course of the day. These chocas were covered with horses' hides sewn together, and always open at the top to leave a free escape for the smoke of the fires in the interior, which fires equal in number the wives of the occupant, as each squaw must have a fire of her own. The leather that served as the exterior wall was carefully dressed and painted of different colors, and these paintings rendered the general appearance of the tolderia more cheerful.

In front of the entrance of the chocas, the lances of the warriors were fixed in the ground. These lances, light and made of flexible bamboos, sixteen to eighteen feet in length, and armed at their extremity with a spear a foot long forged by the Indians themselves, grow in the mountains of Chili, near Valvidia.

The liveliest joy appeared to prevail in the tolderia. In some chocas Indian women, provided with spindles handed down from the Incas, were winding the wool of their flocks; in others, women were weaving their ponchos, so renowned for their delicacy and perfection of work, at looms of primitive simplicity which are another inheritance from the Incas.

The young men of the tribe, assembled at the centre of the tolderia in a large square, were playing at *pilma*, a singular game of which the Aucas are very fond. The players trace a large circle on the ground, which they enter and range themselves in two rows facing each other. The champions of each party holding a ball full of air in their hands, one side on the right, the other on the left hand, throw these balls before them. They raise the left leg, catch the projectile in their hand and throw it at the adversary, whom they must hit on the body under penalty of losing one point. This produces a thousand strange contortions on the part of the opponent, who stoops down or gives a spring to avoid being hit. If the ball leaves the circle, the first player loses two points, and runs after it. If, on the contrary, the second player is hit, he must catch the ball and throw it at his adversary, whom he is bound to hit or lose a point. The next player on the opposite side begins the game again, and so on to the end. We can understand what bursts of laughter greet the grotesque postures of the players.

Other Indians of a riper age were gravely playing a sort of game at cards, with squares of leather clumsily illumined with figures of different animals.

In a choca, larger and better painted than the rest, which was the abode of the *caraiken*, or first chief, whose lances, covered at the end with red stained leather, were the distinctive mark of power, three men were sitting over a decaying fire, and talking regardless of the noises outside. These men were Nocobotha, Pincheira, and Churlakin, one of the principal almens of the hills, whose squaw had given birth that same morning to a son, which was the cause of the great rejoicings among the Indians.

Churlakin received the orders of the great chief for the ceremonies usual on such occasions, bowed respectfully and left the choca, which he soon re-entered, followed by his wives and all his friends, one of whom held the infant in his arms.

Nocobotha placed himself between Pincheira and Churlakin, at the head of the party, and proceeded toward the Rio Negro. The new born babe, wrapped in woollen swaddling clothes, was plunged into the water, and then they returned in the same order to Churlakin's choca, in front of which lay a plump filly, thrown down and with its four feet secured.

A poncho was spread under the animal's belly, and the relations and friends deposited on it, one after the other, the presents intended for the child, consisting of spurs, weapons, and clothes. Nocobotha, who had consented to act as godfather, placed the infant in the midst of the presents; and Churlakin laid open the filly's flanks, tore out its heart and handed it while still warm to Nocobotha, who employed it to make a cross on the infant's forehead, while saying, "Your name will be Churlakinkeo." The father took the child back, and the chief, raising the bleeding heart, said thrice in a loud voice, "Let him live! let him live! let him live!" Then he recommended the child to Gualichu, the genius of evil, praying him to render him brave and eloquent, and terminated the enunciation of his vows with the words, "Above all, let him never become a slave."

When the ceremony was ended, the filly was cut into pieces, large fires were kindled, and all the relations and friends began a feast which would last until the immolated filly had entirely disappeared.

Churlakin prepared to sit down and eat like his guests, but at a sign from Nocobotha, he followed the great chief into his choca, where they resumed their seats at the fire, Pincheira joining them. Upon a signal from Nocobotha the squaws went out, and after a short reflection he began to say:

"Brothers, you are my confidants, and my heart is laid open before you like a *chirimoya*, to enable you to see my most secret thoughts. You were perhaps surprised to-night at finding that I did not count you among the chiefs selected to act under my orders."

The two chiefs gave a nod of denial.

"You neither doubted my friendship nor supposed that I had withdrawn my confidence from you? far from it. I reserve you two for more important enterprises, which require sure and well-tried men. You, Churlakin, will mount without delay, here is the quipus."

And he handed the almen a small piece of willow wood, ten inches long and four wide, split down the centre and holding a human finger. This piece of wood, covered with thread, was fringed with red, blue, black, and white wool. Churlakin received the quipus respectfully.

"Churlakin," Nocobotha continued, "you will serve me as *casqui* (herald), not to the Patagonian natives of the Pampas, whose caraakens, almens and apo-almens were present at the solemn meeting at the tree of Gualichu, although you may communicate with them on your road; but I send you specially to the nations and tribes scattered far away, and living in the woods, such as the Ranqueles, the Guerandis, the Moluches, and the Pecunches, to whom you will present the quipus. Turning back thence to the desert, you will visit the Charruas, Bocobis, Tebas, and Guaramis, who can place about twenty-five thousand warriors under arms. The task is difficult and delicate, and that is why I entrust it to you, whom I regard as my second self."

"My brother's mind can be at rest," Churlakin said, "I shall succeed."

"Good," Nocobotha continued, "I have made nineteen knots on the black wool to indicate that my brother left my side on the nineteenth day of the moon; on the white wool twenty-seven knots, to signify that in twenty-seven days the warriors will assemble under arms on the Island of Ghole-Isechel, at the fork of the Rio Negro. The chiefs who consent to join us will make a knot on the blood red wool, and those who refuse will knot the red and blue wool together. Has my brother understood?"

"Yes," Churlakin answered. "When must I start?"

"At once, for time presses."

"In ten minutes I shall be far from the village," said Churlakin, as he bowed to the two chiefs and left the choca.

"And now it is our turn," Nocobotha said with a friendly accent, when he found himself alone with Pincheira.

"I am listening."

The superior chief, then putting off the composed manner and language of an almen, employed the European style with surprising readiness, and laying aside the Indian dialect, addressed the Chilian officer in the purest Castilian, spoken from Cape Horn to Magellan.

"My dear Pincheira," he said to him, "during the two years since my return from Europe, I have attached to myself most of the Carmen gauchos—utter scoundrels, I allow—and bandits exiled from Buenos Ayres; but I can count on them, and they are devoted to me. These men only know me by the name of Don Torribio Carvajal."

"I was aware of the fact," Pincheira said.

"Ah!" Nocobotha remarked, darting a glance of suspicion at the Chilian.

"Every thing is known on the pampa."

"In a word," Nocobotha continued, "the hour has arrived when I must reap what I have sown among these bandits, who will be useful to us against their countrymen, through their knowledge of the Spanish tactics, and their skill in the use of fire-arms. Reasons, which would take me too long to explain, prevent me from turning my attention to these gauchos, so you will introduce yourself to them in my name. This diamond," he added, drawing a ring from his finger, "will be your passport: they are warned, and if you show it to them they will obey you as myself. They assemble at a low pulperia in the Poblacion del Sur, at Carmen."

"I know it well. What am I to do with the fellows?"

"A very simple matter. Every day, a devoted man, Panchito by name, will transmit you my orders, and inform you of what is going on among us. Your duty will be to hold these bandits in readiness, and on a day I shall indicate to you, you will stir up a revolt in Carmen. This revolt will give us time to act outside, while a part of your people are scouring the pampas, and freeing us, if possible, from those infernal bomberos, who watch our manœuvres, and are almost as crafty as our Indians."

"Confound it," said Pincheira, "that is a tough job."

"You will succeed, if not through friendship for me, at least through hatred of the Spaniards."

"Not to deceive your expectations, I will do more than man can do."

"I know it, and thank you, my dear Pincheira. But you must be prudent and skillful! Our plans are suspected, and we are watched. To employ an Indian metaphor, I entrust to you a mole's job. You must dig a mine under Carmen, which will blow them all up when it explodes."

"Caral," said Pincheira, as he warmly pressed Nocobotha's hand, "you are one of the men I like. Trust to me, to my friendship, and, above all, to my hatred."

"We shall all be avenged," Nocobotha added. "May Satan hear you!"

"To work, then! but, in the first place, lay aside your uniform as a Chilian officer. Disguise yourself as well as you can, for your face is familiar at Carmen."

"Yes," Pincheira replied, "and in an hour you will not recognize me yourself. I will dress myself as a gaucho, for that will not be noticed. Farewell."

"One word yet."

"Say it."

"The man I send to you will arrange a fresh meeting place for every night in order to foil the spies."

"All right."

"Good-bye."

Pincheira left the choca; and the Indian chief looked after him for a moment.

"Go," he said, "ferocious brute, to whom I throw a people as prey. Go! miserable instrument of projects whose greatness you do not understand," he added, as he looked at the Indians, "they are making holiday, playing like children, and unsuspicious that I am about to make them free. But it is time for me to think of my own vengeance."

And he quitted the choca, leapt on a horse, which an Indian held by the bridle, and started at a gallop on the road to Carmen.

At the end of an hour he stopped on the banks of the Rio Negro, dismounted, assured himself by a glance that he was alone, took off a leathern valise fastened to his saddle, and entered a natural grotto a few paces distant. There he quickly doffed his Indian garb, dressed in handsome European attire, and set out again.

It was no longer Nocobotha, the supreme chief of the Indian nations, but Don Torribio Carvajal, the mysterious Spaniard. His pace was also prudently altered, and his horse carried him at a gentle trot toward Carmen.

On coming near the spot where, on the previous evening, the bomberos had halted with their sister to hold a consultation, he dismounted again, sat down on the grass, and took from a splendid cigar-case made of plaited Panama straw, a cigar, which he lit with the apparent tranquillity of a tourist who is resting in the shade, and is admiring the beauty of the scenery.

During this time the footfall of several horses disturbed the solitude of the pampa, and a hoarse voice struck up an Indian song well known on this border:—

"I have lost my Neculantey in the country of Tilqui. Oh! ye damp plains, which have changed him into shadows and flies."

"Oh, oh! the song of the Maukawis already!" Don Torribio said in a loud voice.

"Does not the note of the Maukawis announce sunrise?" the voice asked.

"You are right, Panchito," Don Torribio replied, "we are alone, so you can come, as well as your comrade, who, I suppose, is your friend Corrocho."

"You have guessed right, excellency," said Corrocho, as he came from behind a sand-hill.

"Faithful to our word," said Panchito, "we have arrived at the spot and hour appointed."

"That is well, my good fellows, and thanks. Come here, but remain on horseback. Are you both devoted to me?"

"To the last drop of our blood, excellency," the two ganchos said.

"And you do not despise money?"

"Money can only injure those who have none," the sententious Panchito remarked.

"When it is honorably gained," Corrocho added, with an ape-like grimace.

"Of course, of course," the young man said, "it is a matter of fifty ounces."

The two bandits had a shudder of joy, and their tiger-cat eyeballs flashed.

"Carai," they said.

"Does that suit you?"

"Fifty ounces? Of course it is a tough job."

"Perhaps so."

"No odds."

"There will be a man to kill."

"All the worse for him," said Panchito.

"Does it suit you still?"

"More than ever," Corrocho granted.

"In that case listen to me attentively," Don Torribio Carvajal said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Rich Men of New York.

The New York correspondent of the Troy Times writes as follows:—"The largest owner of personal property in this city, and in the United States, is Commodore Vanderbilt, who is said to hold twenty millions. The Astors, whose chief wealth is in land, have about five millions in personal estate. Moses Taylor has about four millions, of which his coal stocks, in connection with those of his son-in-law, reach one million and a half. George Law has about two millions, while out of the estate of the late John J. Phelps, amounting in all to eight millions, about two-thirds are in personal property. These last-mentioned men were not ambitious of being numbered among our real estate lords. Their money had been made by handling personal property, and they preferred to keep it in this shape. They wished to have their pecuniary resources ready for action at a moment's warning, in order to take advantage of any opportunity. If a certain stock fell in price they wanted to be able to buy it up, and having the control of vast amounts of cash they could enter Wall street at any time and cut right and left with great effect. Such active, nervous, resolute men do not care to be troubled with the slow details of real estate. Real estate is like forces shut up in a stronghold, while personal property is like soldiers in the field. There is a constitutional difference between Commodore Vanderbilt and William B. Astor, which is shown by their aptitude for their peculiar positions. Astor sits in an office in Prince street and simply holds on to his land. His life, compared with that of an active business man, is a mere vegetation. He has none of the excitements of gain and loss, and never knows what it is to corner a clique or be cornered himself. How could such a man as Vanderbilt endure this life? It would be like cooping the eagle.

A Female Lawyer.

Miss Shedden, an English lady, who has for many years been endeavoring, by a suit at law, to establish the regularity of the marriage of her grandfather and grandmother, which took place in New York a long time ago, has in the absence of counsel been managing her own case. She has, under the most unfavorable circumstances, and against the openly-expressed adverse opinion of the Lord Chancellor, argued her appeal to the House of Lords, and at the last hearing made a speech of fourteen days in length. The Lords are seriously embarrassed, as the lady violates the usual rules of the Court, and when checked in her argument pays no attention to the restrictions. Much unnecessary time has been consumed, and the suitors in other cases are complaining bitterly of the delay. On the fifteenth day, which was positively fixed for the conclusion of the case, Miss Shedden was too ill to proceed, and the Lords suggested that her father should complete his daughter's address, but the lady having fainted, and being also seized with hysterics, no arrangement could be made, and the argument, much to the chagrin of the House of Lords, had to be continued. The Lord Chancellor asserted that the cause could have been properly presented in three or four days.

☞ A traveller, stopped on his way by a torrent, asked a villager on the opposite bank to show him a ford. "Go to the right," shouted the countryman. The traveller accordingly took to the right, and was drowned. The other ran up, crying, "Oh, how unfortunate! I did not tell him to go to *his* right, but to *mine*."

☞ We will not be responsible for the truth of the statements made below by a contemporary:—"Laura Keene is fifty-six, but looks and acts like a girl of twenty. Mrs. John Drew is over sixty, but is sensible. Mrs. Bowers is forty-five. Maggie Mitchell is forty-one, and a blushing bride. Charlotte Thompson is thirty-four. Effie Germon is forty. Kate Reignolds is forty-three. Lotta is twenty-six. Olive Logan is thirty-seven. Charlotte Cushman is nearly seventy, and a maiden. Mrs. Davenport is fifty. Lydia Thompson will never see thirty again, and Miss Marriott has arrived at the 'years of discretion.'"

☞ Jean Maria Farina, the "genuine" Cologne manufacturer, is dead; leaving seventeen other, but fraudulent, Jean Maria Farinas in Cologne to survive him. Laura Farina, worth $2,000,000, marriageable, and but 21, succeeds him in the Cologne business.

☞ Mary Scott, of Carlo, Massachusetts, who was said to have been the original Mary who "had a little lamb," died recently, aged 95 years.

☞ A farmer near San Antonio, Texas, has a farm of 130,000 acres fenced in, and 40,000 head of cattle pastured on it.

The Twin Sisters.

"Well," said Ned Arlington, "for my part I have never loved but one woman, and she is now my better half."

"I tell you," replied a fellow stage-coacher, "you have had an easy courtship. I was compelled to love two ladies."

"Two ladies?"

"Yes, sir, two ladies."

"But you did not love them both alike?"

"Now, stranger, there was just the trouble. I was thinking of this precise difficulty when I remarked that you had an easy courtship."

"You puzzle me," exclaimed Ned. "Suppose you relieve our minds by a rehearsal."

"It will afford me pleasure and you entertainment," rejoined the handsome and social fellow-traveller.

Here we leaned forward, intent on hearing how a man was compelled to love two ladies with the same degree of fervor.

"My friends," said he, "if you ever visit New Haven, Connecticut, you will hear these expressions: 'As much alike as the Grover girls;' or this: 'You can no more distinguish them than you can tell Sue from Hannah Grover.' I say, ladies and gentlemen, when a New Englander is discussing a point of similitude, he is sure to refer to those 'Grover girls.'"

I had not been in the Elm City six weeks before I heard of these comparisons.

I went there intending to enter a business firm. On my arrival I stopped at the Tontine. At this hotel two gentlemen were arguing a point of law, and it was then I first heard this language. One speaker was proving that two expressions meant but the same thing, and paralleled the two expressions with the notorious twins.

Now there is one thing I have in common with women—that is curiosity. I own it, and I will confess that I was on nettles. Never could I be appeased until I had a view of these females.

"Tell me," said I to the book-keeper, "are these Grover girls so very much alike?"

"Are they?" said he in surprise. "Well, I will tell you, Mr. Miller, if you can distinguish them after a week's acquaintance, I will pay your bill at this house for the balance of your residence."

"How can I see them?"

"I'll tell you. Observe that bright looking gent with the white hat. That is Mr. Potter, one of our rising lawyers. He is intimate with the sisters. Obtain an introduction to him, and he will put you through."

"Are these ladies in good standing?"

"Oh! among our first people."

"Can Mr. Potter distinguish them?"

"Never, sir, never, and he looks with the eye of a detective."

"How long has he known them?"

"Three or four years to my certain knowledge. It may be longer."

This determined me. I soon established myself with the lawyer by retaining him in an important case. I found him more than willing to afford an introduction, as he was anxious to see the fix their identity never failed to produce on a stranger. I will not forget that first interview. Two exquisitely beautiful ladies of twenty entered the room. I beheld duplicates. They dressed alike to a ribbon and a ring. Their voices and their countenances gave no clue. Then their motions left you none the wiser.

Said Potter, "Now take a good look, for I wish to see if you will be able to identify them."

"Mr. Potter," said I, "you will embarrass the ladies."

"Not at all," said one. "We are used to this," said the other. "It is the great amusement afforded by our resemblance." Here both spoke, but on honor it sounded like one voice.

"Ladies," said I, "pardon me; I know you are not horses, but allow me to look at your teeth?"

I desired this, deeming there would be found some little speck, indentation or irregularity that would serve as index. They exhibit their pearly rows; but after a minute of investigation, I was no better informed. I examined their finger nails, then their hands, still I had no point of distinction, and I gave it up that Sue and Hannah might forever exchange places without fear of detection on my part.

The ridiculous blunders of admirers were frequent. Mantuamakers, shoemakers, and tradespeople in general, were continually presenting Sue an account created by Hannah, or telling Hannah some lingo intended only for the ears of Sue.

The beauty of the ladies impressed me. They were of my style. An acquaintance of two months demonstrated their superiority in all respects. In brief I found myself in love—but with which one?

When tender ideas arose, I found it just as natural to one as to the other. Yes, I solemnly aver I was in love—I had the connubial article.

I frequently took them out, yet never knew whom I had. If my lady would quote Sue, I thought it clear I had Hannah, or if Hannah was mentioned, I believed I was beauing Sue. Indeed, it was a mere matter of faith. There was no evidence, for often one palmed herself off on me as the other. This was a chronic dodge played on their various admirers to suit convenience and insure rest. As far as these gallants were concerned, it was immaterial, although one might be called for by name, the other would do just as well, no one being able to detect the difference.

I often implored them to contra-distinguish themselves by some articles of apparel or jewelry. "That would spoil our fun," they would exclaim, as though I meditated some terrible infliction. As I have told you, I was in love. I felt that my happiness depended upon the possession of one of these twins. But for whom should I ask the parents? Honestly, it was no matter which one I had, as affection could make no choice.

On a lovely eve in September, one sister was from home. Now, thought I, here is a surety that I can talk to one for a whole evening. As she entered the parlor, said I,

"How do you do, Miss Hannah?"

"You are wrong, sir; it's Miss Sue."

"Are you humbugging?" I asked.

"Truly not; I tell you sincerely. You now address Sue Grover."

I saw she looked unusually tender, and taking advantage of her faltering voice and tremulous manner, I declared my love, and she returned it with all the ardor of her true and impassioned nature. I summoned the old folks; told our devotion; gave prospects, and made all essential revelations. The senior Grovers gave us their blessings, and assured that they would see our course of true love "should run smooth."

But what if that other girl should come in? What a pretty mix! How should I ever know my girl? Though I again assure you it would have made no difference. I would have proposed to Hannah just the same. My only trouble was in the multitude of embarrassments incident to non-distinguishment. On this ground I had a genuine trouble.

Before Hannah returned, I invited Sue to take a walk on the green. When opposite the centre of the church, I spoke of the betrothal ring, and requested her to please let me see the ring she wore. Sue took it off, and I carelessly played with it to throw her off her guard—then calling her attention to a party of students, took my Congress knife and drew my file blade through the inner part. It left a nice mark, and by this I hoped to identify her in future. On our return to the house I secretly posted her parents. They said that I did properly—that it was time that Sue should be recognized by her affianced!

"You think you are smart," said she, ere I left her.

"Why?" I replied.

"Oh!" responded she, "thus ring game has been tried by half a dozen admirers. I suspected what you were at, but I thought I would see how many heads would conceive the same plan."

The next day neither she nor her sister wore a ring. One week after they resumed them; but in neither was there a mark. It was evident that I was about to be outgeneraled, and would have to depend on the discretion of my intended, and the goodness of their parents.

At parties I had several trials. I never knew whom I took home, would take a flood of love to the wrong girl, and receive a laugh for my enthusiasm.

"Hang it," said I, "the cream of the joke is—I can't be revenged, for I might hurt the wrong lady."

The betrothal ring was given. Now, thought I, there is a termination to my discomfiture. Well, it did terminate in just—twenty-four hours. Hannah took Sue's ring, went to a jewelry store and ordered one precisely like it, bearing the inscription. Moreover, she charged him to see that the engraving was counterfeited beyond recognition. It was done. So was I. Now what would I do? Had Sue been willing I could have schemed forty devices. But she relished the dish, and would never co-operate. Wedding day came. I must take a young lady on the word of herself or parents. "Well," said I mentally, "so I get one of the girls my object will be accomplished. The ceremony was performed before an immense throng in the largest church in the city. The bridal dress fortunately enabled me to adhere to one. Congratulations being over, my bride and I journeyed to Niagara and inspected several Canadian cities and towns.

"Ah!" said I, lovingly to my wife, "Sue, darling, I will know you now."

"How?" said she.

"By that diamond ring," replied I.

"Don't be too sure, Clarence."

"Ah!" laughed I, "Hannah will not annoy me any further."

But alas for our earthly hopes. My beloved told her sister the name of the New York importer, and on our return a small hand was offered, on which was a *fac simile* of the bridal gift. She now went to her room, and attiring herself in one of the twin garbs, I was again unable to recognize my own wife.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, business suddenly called me to New Orleans. While there my treasure died. I was grieved, yet from the fact that Hannah lived, my agony was but temporary. I returned two weeks after the funeral. My sister-in-law wore neither betrothal nor diamond rings. There was nothing to be gained by it, and they were laid aside.

My friends, I am extremely sensitive; a mere child; yet believe me when I tell you that the presence of Hannah was a perfect and speedy restorative. It was impossible for me to weep. Was she not the same Sue in all respects? True, when I saw the family sad, I was troubled; but only on account of their grief. I had none of my own. All that I loved was an exact duplicate, and that moved before me as of yore. Yes, I confess that no husband ever suffered less.

In eighteen months I stood in the same church, and it seemed before the same concourse. As Hannah was given to me in the holy state of matrimony, it appeared that I was enacting a farce and re-marrying my own wife.

☞ A Boston paper says that a little more than two centuries since a woman in that city was condemned, according to law, to stand half an hour in front of the meeting-house on a lecture-day, with her tongue hanging from her mouth in a cleft stick, for speaking against the minister. T. K. Beecher thinks that if such a law were executed in Elmira there would not be a clothes-pin left in the city.

☞ The New Orleans Picayune relates that a member of the Louisiana Legislature, who carries a pair of gigantic feet, which he slings about as he walks like a pair of flails, recently accosted a well known member of the bar with: "Mr. ——, you know me, don't you?" M——, surprised at the question, drew himself at full length, and scanning his interlocutor from head to foot, remarked: "Well, sir, your face is familiar to me, but assuredly your feet have outgrown my recollection."

☞ Countless myriads of grasshoppers have lately made their appearance on the north and eastern shore of Salt Lake, and are marching or hopping towards the City of the Desert. The ground around Promontory Point is literally black with the young and rapacious insects. They are now about three-fourths of an inch in length, black in color, and more resembling a cricket than a grasshopper. But as they increase in size their color changes to brown. About two weeks since these pests made their appearance in that section, being then about an eighth of an inch in length, and having the appearance of sand crickets. They grow rapidly and are very voracious, destroying everything in their way. For miles the track of the railroad is black with these destroying insects, the ties and rails being hidden from view by the thousands perched thereon. Salt Lake City has been cleared of vegetation before by these pests, and in each case the countless hosts have made their appearance to the north and west of the city, devastating the fields and gardens when passing through on their way to the south and westward.

☞ A gentleman called one evening to see Suett, the comedian, at the stage door of the theatre at which the actor was engaged. Suett not being in the theatre, the gentleman—to whom the actor's person was unknown—resolved to wait. Presently the actor came in, drenched with rain, which was falling heavily. "Pray, sir," said the gentleman, "are you Suett?" "Egad," was the reply, "I rather think I'm *dripping*."

The Use of Saxon Words.

It is well known that the English language has received many words of Latin origin, as the result of the Norman conquest, in 1066, and through the cultivation of the Latin classics. What our language would have been without the use of words thus introduced, is a curious problem. Dean Trench suggests, that confining ourselves to the use of pure Saxon words, we might have said *sand-waste*, for desert; *blood-bath*, for massacre; *sin-flood*, for deluge; *sea-robber*, for pirate; *water-fright*, for hydrophobia; *show-holiness*, for hypocrisy; *gold-hoard*, for treasurer; *well-willingness*, for benevolence; *undeadliness*, for immortality *unutellible*, for ineffable; *great-doingly*, for magnificently; *sour-dough*, for leaven; *uncunningness*, for ignorance; *eye-bite*, for fascinate; *engripe*, for embrace; *ear-shrift*, for auricular confession; *dipper*, for baptist, etc.

Those familiar with the German language will notice that the Saxon elements, having had but little outside influence to prevent their natural expansion in that language, have taken nearly the form suggested above. Thus we have *finger hat*, for thimble; *roomman*, for carpenter; *cutter*, for tailor; (our word tailor means a cutter, from the French *tailler*, to cut;) *cloth dealer*, for draper; *foot folk*, for infantry; *riders*, for cavalry; etc. And it is another fact noticeable in this connection, that there are a large class of words in which we do now use Saxon compounds, instead of borrowed words, that are to common ears purely conventional and meaningless. We give a few among the many: music-teacher, book-binder, writing-desk, watch-pocket, book-case, ink-stand, pin-cushion, gold-smith, watch-maker, paper-dealer, etc. Why could we not say cloth-dealer, as well as paper-dealer? The merest tyro in our language would know readily the meaning of cloth-dealer; while there are millions who speak the English language who could not tell whether a *draper* dealt in cloth, or iron, or lumber; not ever having seen the French word *drap*. So silk-dealer is expressive and sufficiently elegant; but *mercer*—mercy! a scholar could scarcely remember it, unless richer than scholars are apt to be.—*Rapid Writer*.

Check Reins.

The president of the Boston Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals says that, in his recent travels in England and on the Continent of Europe, he found that very few gentlemen used the check-rein for their horses, and that it was *never* used for horses drawing heavy loads. One teamster to whom he spoke on the subject said that, of course, no man of sense who wished his horse to draw would confine his head in such a position that he could not use his strength to advantage. Our Yankee teamsters are not destitute of sense, but they have not yet applied it to this subject; and we constantly see horses with heavy loads, which need the advantageous application of all their strength, and yet with their heads curbed up to a degree that would be wearisome and annoying even if they were standing unemployed.

☞ The following obituary notice recently appeared in a Spanish journal: "This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweler Siebald Illmaga from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow, Veronique Illmaga. P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our business, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from No. 3 Tessi de Teisnturiers to No. 4 Rue de Missionaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent."

☞ There is a pear tree in Danvers, Mass., from which pears were taken 250 years ago, and the Salem Gazette says it bears more fruit every year than can comfortably be eaten by all the people in Danvers.

☞ "What is that lady in the stage-box?" "That is Mrs. Highflyer." "What, the celebrated Mrs. H. who, they say, wears twenty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds?" "Exactly," "And who is that pale young man with her?" "Oh, that is her toothpick." Music from the orchestra!

☞ A story is circulated in Dublin to the effect that when they were removing the body of O'Connell the other day, and the priests were saying masses to shorten his time in purgatory, one of the crowd cried out: "An' is that all ye can do for the sowl of the great Liberather? Shure, then I might as well be a Protesthant, and go to heaven at once!"

☞ The *Gaulois* gives this conversation at a German railway ticket office: Railway Officer—"Your tickets, gentlemen, if you please." Impetuous Traveller—"Ah! Himmelkreuzchochschwrenothdonnerwetter!—May I be seized by ten million fiends if I can find my ticket! Yes! here it is: for Elberfeld." Pious Traveller—"If you swear in this way, sir, I fear your ticket will take you to the infernal regions rather than to Elberfeld." Impetuous Traveller (grimly)—"Oh, I don't care: I've got a return ticket."

☞ It is proved that animal life may exist under great pressure. M. Deville has erected an apparatus in his laboratory in which fishes swim under a pressure of four hundred atmospheres, or six thousand pounds to the inch.

☞ A Chicago firm has sent an agent to China to contract for fifty thousand Chinese, who will be employed on Southern plantations.

☞ Rev. Dr. Bushnell calls the Woman's Suffrage Reform, "an attempt to make trumpets out of flutes, and sunflowers out of violets."

☞ The Cincinnati Commercial says that it is "far easier to run along in the regular party course, condemning and praising according to the supposed interests of a party, and the dictation of its managers, than to take a considerate and independent position, and strive to deal fairly with all men and measures."

☞ A Kentucky paper thinks that the word croquet is too Frenchy, and proposes that the game which it designates be hereafter called "Presbyterian billiards."

☞ The Lima National of the 15th May says that the most extraordinary and unheard of phenomenon has been discovered in the road of Locumba, worthy of being studied, and which appears to have been caused by the late earthquakes. Every beast that reaches a certain spot immediately falls dead. This has so often taken place that immense numbers of carcasses are heaped on the spot. The most astonishing thing is that on a road which has been frequented for so many years there never before happened anything like it.

Curious Facts in Natural History.

The rattlesnake finds a superior foe in deer and black snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattlesnake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up to within ten or twelve feet of the snake—then leaps forward, and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp, bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is most commonly successful; but if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial until he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skillful manœuvre leave but a slight chance for its victim either to escape or to inject his poison into his more alert antagonist. The black snake is also more than an equal competitor against the rattlesnake. Such is its celerity of motion, not only in running, but in entwining itself round its victim, that the rattlesnake has no way of escaping from its fatal embrace. When the black and rattlesnakes are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him within five or six folds; he then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied and the screws tightened—the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the helpless victim. Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes—the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed, and retained until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The moccasin snake is destroyed in the same way.

The Crops.

The report for the months of May and June, issued by the U. S. Agricultural Bureau, shows a high average condition of the wheat—and the prospects of an abundant crop, it is asserted, are very favorable. Rye, barley and other grains are reported to be in fine condition. Barley has been sown over a wider area, particularly in California and the states west of the Mississippi river. Oats have been more extensively planted in Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas, but not to the usual extent in the Ohio Valley. Corn-planting, it is stated, has everywhere been retarded by excessive rain and cold, and replanting has been required in many instances. The crop is, therefore, backward, but generally vigorous, with a prospect of a fair yield. Cotton planting has been stimulated by the high prices of 1868, and a wider area has been cultivated. In the Southern states, however, the first reports of the cotton crop were unfavorable, on account of the cold and unfavorable weather of the spring. Later reports are more favorable, and the hot weather, it is stated, is producing a great change in the prospects. Sorghum has been cultivated very largely for syrup, and in some cases for sugar. The small fruits have been unusually abundant in their yield. Peaches promise to be abundant in New Jersey and Delaware, but in the West the crop will only be fair, and a short supply is threatened in the South, where in some localities untimely frosts nipped the buds.

☞ Great men go to sleep readily, because, at pleasure, they can command and banish thought. Weak men go to sleep with equal readiness, because they scarcely think at all. He who sleeps readily, healthfully, and soundly is a happier and more fortunate man than the king on his throne who is tortured by continued watchfulness.

"Then happy low, lie down:
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

☞ A week or two ago a young lady of Iowa, while on the way to her wedding, was offered five dollars by another young man if she would marry him, and consented. The disappointed lover was not to be wholly cheated out of his matrimony, and therefore proposed, was accepted by, and married the sister of the jilter on the same day.

☞ A deputation of gentlemen, representing the Lancashire cotton trade, have united in a request to the Duke of Argyle to obtain government assistance in the production of cotton in the British colonies. They set forth the great depression in trade at present, and show that relief can only be had by the government lending aid to enable India to develope the growing of cotton so as to compete with the United States.

☞ The man who asked "What becomes of all the pins?" now wants to know "What becomes of all the horse shoes?" It is said there are thousands of horse shoes dropped in London in the course of the year, but they are rarely seen. This is all the more remarkable, inasmuch as it is considered lucky to pick them up. There is a great demand for the nails by which they are fastened. The banging they have got through constant wear makes them of more value than even new nails—to make stubb twist gun barrels. It seems odd that the same malleability could not be given to the iron in some quicker and more simple manner than the traffic of horses' feet.

☞ Before the middle of July, the President will order an election in Mississippi, to take place on September 15, and in Texas on or about October 1st.

☞ The registration of voters in Richmond, Virginia, shows a majority of 800 white votes. The white majority in the state is said to be increased.

☞ BAGGAGE SMASHERS.—In Massachusetts, on June 25th, a law went into effect which provides that any baggage master, express agent, stage driver, hackman, or other person whose duty it is to handle, remove, or take care of the baggage of passengers, who shall wilfully or recklessly injure or destroy any trunk, valise, box, package or parcel, while loading, transporting, unloading, delivering or storing the same, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding fifty dollars. A similar law might be useful in this state.

☞ A private soldier in California, has invented a new method of skimming milk. He fits a fine gauze sieve to a hoop of the size of the pan. The milk is then poured into the pan so as to a little more than cover the sieve. When the cream has risen, the hoop is lifted and the cream is thus completely removed.

☞ A diamond ring, which had been lost since the fall of 1828, was found in a well in Oswego a few days ago. The well was being cleaned, a process which it had undergone several times since the loss of the ring. Forty-six years this jewel lay at the bottom of the well, and it came out as bright and pure as the day it sunk. The granddaughter of the lady who lost the ring is now its owner and wearer.

War News in Former Times.

The following statements are copied from a paper recently read by Thompson Westcott before the Press Club of Philadelphia:

Before the Revolution, when the mail between New York and Philadelphia was transported once a week, and occupied two days in travel, and coming down to so recent a period as twenty years ago, the transportation of news was a slow process. News that the Stamp Act was repealed in England on the 18th of March, 1766, was received in Philadelphia on the 20th of May, in the same year, having been eight weeks in crossing the ocean. The battles of Lexington and Concord were fought on the 18th of April, 1775. It was not until the 24th, six days afterward, that imperfect intelligence of those engagements arrived in Philadelphia.

On the 19th of October, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown; but papers at Philadelphia did not receive the news by special aid-de-camp until November 24th. On the 24th of December, 1814, the Treaty of Ghent was signed. At the present time we might know of such an event on the day upon which it transpired. Even the ocean-steamship service, if it had existed in 1814 as it does now, might have brought the intelligence across the water in time to have prevented, by the assistance of land telegraphs, the battle of New Orleans, which was fought fifteen days afterward. But the news of that treaty was not received in this country until the 12th of February, 1815. Even in Philadelphia, the news of the battle of the 8th of January was unknown until February 6th, an interval of nearly a month.

☞ The "most married" woman of which there is any record, was undoubtedly the Harlem woman spoken of by Evelyn in his diary, whose propensity for remarrying had finally to be checked by law: "She had been married to her twenty-fifth husband, and being now a widow, was *prohibited to marry in future!*

☞ Fashionable preachers in Paris now raise money for benevolent or church purposes by arranging lotteries of a very peculiar description. The prizes drawn are no other than they themselves—that is to say, the winners have the right to claim their services as preachers, &c., for three or five days. The idea has, in several instances, been a very successful one.

☞ Liverpool is aghast at the presumption of a Yankee who, finding himself in that city without the means to secure a breakfast, calmly smashed a large window and quietly waited to be arrested and taken care of.

☞ The San Francisco Pacific says that common wine, in the wine-growing regions of California, is cheaper than milk and more freely used. In some places the wine is thirty cents a gallon, and the milk fifty.

☞ The North German papers are telling a wonderful story about a girl, a resident of Hamburg, some twenty-three years old, who, after an illness of some weeks, apparently died on the Tuesday before Pentecost. The physician, however, forbade her to be buried, as he perceived none of the positive proofs of death. The girl lay inanimate for nearly a fortnight, until orders were finally given to prepare for the funeral, when, it being then Saturday and seven o'clock in the morning, she suddenly came to life. Her death-like swoon had *lasted seven days*, or the length of an average Atlantic steam voyage.

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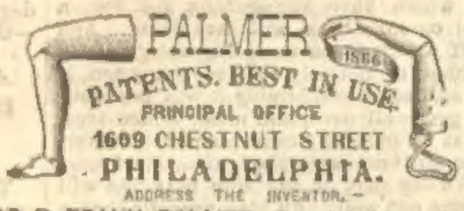

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Bound to See Grant.

The Bangor Jeffersonian tells of a Penobscot fruit-grower—a genuine Yankee—who stopped at Washington last winter on his way home from a little trip to Florida. He was determined to see General Grant, and therefore called at the war office, telling the doorkeeper his wishes. What followed was this:—

"The g neral is engaged."

"Well, I want to see him."

"Upon business?"

"No, sir, I want to *see* him. I don't want an office, I don't want to speak to him even. I don't want to occupy a moment of his valuable time, I want to see him merely."

"He is busy."

"When will he be out?"

"In about *four* hours."

"Well, I am not going home without seeing General Grant. No, sir, and unless I am thrust out, with your leave, I will sit here until he appears." Then dropping into a chair, he resigned himself to the probable four hours' sitting.

Presently the doorkeeper was missing, but he soon returned with—"If you will go with me I will show you General Grant."

He followed him into another room, and was introduced to General Grant. The general extended his hand, and expressed himself happy to see him. He shook the general's hand, took a good hearty look at him, and turned to depart, saying, "My ambition is satisfied; I have *seen General Grant!*"

"Take a chair, sir; take a chair," said the general, appealingly. "I am happy to see you."

"Thank you, sir, I will not occupy a moment of your valuable time. I came to *see* General Grant; I have seen him. His time is valuable, so is mine. Good-by, sir." And, bowing, he left the room, followed by a merry laugh from the astonished President elect.

"Try It On."

The Knickerbocker Magazine tells an excellent story of Dr. Burchard, the revivalist; not of him exactly, but of what happened at the close of one of his meetings. He was in the habit of addressing his congregation in this manner:

"I am now going to pray, and I want all that desire to be prayed for to send up their names on a piece of paper."

On the occasion which we refer to, there was at once sent up to the desk quite a pile of little slips of paper, with the names in whose behalf he was to "wrestle," as he said, with the "Almighty."

A pause soon ensued, when he said:—"Send 'em up! I can pray for five thousand just as easy as I can for a dozen. Send 'em up. If you haven't any paper, get up and name the person you want prayed for."

At this stage of proceedings, a man, whom we shall call Oziel Big, a stalwart man of six and a half feet in his stockings, a notorious unbeliever, and a confirmed wag to boot, rose in the midst of the congregation, a mark for all, and amid the winks and becks and smiles of the auditory, said:

"Mr. Burchard, I want you to pray for Jim Thompson."

The reverend petitioner saw from the excitement in the audience, that Oziel was a "hard case."

"What is your name, sir, and who is Mr. Thompson?"

"It's Jim Thompson; he keeps a tavern down in Thompsonville, and I keep a house a little below him. He is an infernal scoundrel, and I want you to give him a lift."

"But," said Mr. Burchard, "have you faith in the efficacy of prayer? Do you believe in the power of petition?"

"That's neither here nor there," responded Oziel, "*I want you to try it on him!*"

An Eccentric Minister.

The Rev. Mr. C——— was troubled with very excitable nerves. Being an incurable old bachelor, perhaps this was not so surprising, since this disease is well known to be extensively prevalent among old maids. For example, he could not sit quiet and see a cat's back stroked the wrong way, while the sight of a spider most effectually disturbed his equanimity.

One Sunday, while absent on an exchange, he heard from a pew near the pulpit a boy snuffling, as if he were troubled with a severe cold, and were *not* troubled with a handkerchief. His brother sat beside him. Mr. C——— happened to know the boy's name.

He bore with this irritation as long as his nerves would permit, but it became so aggravated that he paused in the midst of a hymn which he was reading, and bending over the pulpit, said—

"John, why don't you use your handkerchief?"

John, abashed by this unexpected address, and by the fact that the eyes of the congregation were fixed upon him, stammered out to the general amusement—

"Please, sir, I haven't got none."

"Then why don't you borrow your brother's?" resumed the minister.

"Because, sir, he hasn't got any either," pursued the frightened boy.

The audience were convulsed.

"Will some person charitably disposed," remarked the clergyman in a solemn tone, "provide that boy with a handkerchief?"

This was done, and the services proceeded.

Twain's Last.

Mark writes from Elmira, New York:—"The Wilson trial came to an end yesterday. In some respects this was the most remarkable case that has ever had a place upon the criminal records of the country. It excited great interest in this part of the state, and during the last ten days the court-room has been pretty generally crowded with eager listeners. The facts of the Wilson case were simply these: "On the 17th of February last, George L. Roderick provoked a quarrel with Dr. R. Wilson, in front of the Union Hotel in this place. Wilson put up with a good deal of abuse before he even showed temper. He tried to pacify Roderick, but to no purpose. Roderick called him a thief, a liar, a swindler; yet Wilson bore it all calmly. Roderick grew more excited, and heaped one opprobrious epithet after another upon Wilson, and finally called him a member of the New York Legislature. At this Wilson sprang to his feet, and remarking to Roderick that he would not take that from any man, shot him dead with an axe-handle. Such was the evidence elicited upon the trial. The court acquitted Wilson upon the ground that the provocation was sufficient."

A FREE TRANSLATION.

NEW CURATE (tenderly).—"My good man, what induced you to send for me?"
OLDEST INHABITANT.—"What does he say, Betty?"
BETTY.—"'Says what the deuce did you send for him, for!"

Paddle Your Own Canoe.

Judge S. gave his son a thousand dollars, telling him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the Freshmen year without a dollar, and with several ugly habits. About the close of the vacation the judge said to his son:

"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"Have no money, father."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate on."

"It's all gone, father."

"Very well, my son; it was all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the astonished young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; he left home, made his way to college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the state of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and is none other than William H. Seward.

PREFERENCE.

BY ANNIE E. CLARK.

I'd rather have one salty tear of thine,
Dropped from the drooping fringe of thy sad eyes,
Than bask in light of all fair eyes that shine,
Or win those smiles that lovers mostly prize.

I'd rather have one sad sweet look of thine,
From full-orbed eyes, bent earnestly on me,
Than catch the rays of all the stars divine,
Or win the heart of each fair form I see.

I'd rather have one word of love from thee,
The music of whose voice I long to hear,
Than listen to heaven's perfect melody,
Where angel-voices ring, divinely clear.

I'd rather have one tender sigh of thine,
Breathed through thy perfect lips that rarely smile,
Than hear the sweetest song of love and joy,
From any laughing lips, whose arts beguile.

I'd rather have that noble heart of thine,
Whose love and friendship would a ransom be,
Than own the wealth of all the worlds that shine,
Or wear the robes and crown of royalty.

A Wild Scene.

A writer in the "Atlantic Monthly," describing his life as a negro-minstrel, says:—I obtained my first view of the great Mississippi and of the practical working of Lynch law at the same time. The night of our advent at Cairo was lit up by the fires of an execution. A negro, it seems, was the owner or lessee of an old wharf-boat, which had been moored to the levee of that town, and which he had turned to the uses of a gambling-saloon. People who had been enticed into it had never been seen or heard of afterwards. The vigilance committee, then governing Cairo, had frequently endeavored to lay hold of the negro and bring him to trial; but he had secret passages from one part of the wharf-boat to the other, by which he always eluded his pursuers. Having no doubt that he was guilty of several murders, the *vigilantes*, on the night of our arrival, had come down to the levee two or three hundred strong, armed, equipped, and determined to make the wretch surrender. In answer to their summons, they received nothing but insults from the negro, still out of sight and secure in one of his hiding places. At a given signal the wharf-boat was set afire and cut adrift, and, as it floated out into the current, the *vigilantes* surrounded it in small boats, with their rifles ready and pointed to prevent the escape of their victim. When the wharf-boat was well into the stream, the negro appeared boldly at the place which, in the middle of all river-craft of that kind, is left open for the reception and discharge of freight. And now a scene occurred so sensationally dramatic, so easily adaptable to the stage of these latter days, that I would not dare relate it for truth if I had not witnessed it with my own eyes. The negro was not discovered until he had rolled a large keg of powder into the middle of the open space just mentioned. As he stood in the light of his burning craft, it could be seen by the people in the small boats in the river that he had a cocked musket, with the muzzle plunged into the keg of powder. Then the negro dared them to come on and take him, pouring upon them at the same time such horrible oaths and curses as have rarely come from the lips of man. The small boats kept a proper distance now, their occupants caring only to prevent his escape into the water. As the flames grew thicker around him, there the negro stood, floating down into the darkness that enveloped the majestic river, with his cocked musket in the keg of powder, and cursing and defying his executioners. He was game to the last. We heard the explosion down the stream and saw the wharf-boat sink. The next day I spoke with the leader of the band in the small boats—a short, wiry little man, with a piercing eye. He said that he had not the heart to shoot the "nigger," because he showed such pluck. He even confessed that, for the same reason, he felt almost sorry for the victim, after the explosion had blown him into eternity.

Patience.

Be patient with the little ones. Let neither their slow understanding nor occasional pertness offend you, or provoke the sharp reproof. Remember the world is new to them, and they have no slight task to grasp with their unripened intellects the mass of facts and truths that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength, through years of experience, and it ill becomes you to fret at the little child that fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently, as God teaches you, "line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little and there a little." Cheer him in this conflict of mind; in after years his ripe, rich thought shall rise up and call you blessed.

Bide patiently the endless questionings of your children. Do not roughly crush the spirit of free inquiry, with an impatient word or frown, nor attempt, on the contrary, a long and instructive reply to every slight and casual question. Seek rather to deepen their curiosity. Convert, if possible, the careless question into a profound and earnest inquiry, and aim rather to direct and aid than to answer the inquiry. Let your reply send the little questioner forth, not so much proud of what he has learned, as anxious to know more. Happy you, if, in giving your child the molecule of truth he asks for, you can whet his curiosity with a glimpse of the mountain of truth lying beyond; so wilt thou send forth a philosopher, and not a silly pedant into the world.

The Jealousy of Girls.

Girls are awfully jealous of each other. I should call this the girl's distinctive fault. See them when they are introduced, or when they first meet at a ball or croquet party; see how coldly critical they look at each other, how insolently their eyes rove over every portion of their rival's dress; read in their faces the outspoken scorn as the result of their scrutiny. "You think you have done it very well, but you have made a fright of yourself, and I am much better than you!" Watch their disdain of the more admired among them; and how excessively naughty for attracting so much attention they think that Ada or Amy is about whom the young men cluster. How bold she is!—how affected she is!—and, oh! how ugly she is! Sometimes, if they are deep, they will overpraise her enthusiastically; but the ruse is generally too transparent to deceive any one, and simply counts what it is—a clever feint that doesn't answer. It is quite a study to watch the way in which girls shake hands together, or take hands in the dances. The limp, cool, impertinent way in which they just touch palms, then let their arms fall paralyzed, tells a volume to those able to read the lettering.

Young ladies! do try to correct this common fault of jealousy. It is a very ugly one.

☞ A Western railroad superintendent has invented a "lightning break, which is operated by electricity."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Curry-Comb, Card, and Scrubbing Brush.

These stable implements are not used as often and regularly as they should be by the generality of farmers. A good dressing down of the horse each morning with the curry-comb and brush is fully equal in health-giving power and elasticity of movement to two quarts of oats. It is a grateful attention, repaid many fold by the animal which is the stated recipient of it.

But, while bestowing this care upon the horse as most persons do, knowing its beneficial effects, they very generally seem to forget that oxen and cows are equally benefitted by a daily application of the card. There is no room for doubt on this subject with those who have been accustomed to bestow this attention on their dairy and working stock. A free use of the card gives repose to the animals, enables them to enjoy and digest their food in quiet instead of raking their bodies against posts, trees and fences, as opportunity offers for allaying the irritation produced by an accumulation of dust, hay-seed, and other irritants common to the stable and barnyard. Even young colts, calves, and yearlings are greatly benefitted by the use of the card, while its daily use is a step in the breaking or training process by which the services of the animals are made more readily available when properly matured for labor.

It may seem absurd to scrub a fattening porker, but those who have practiced it concur in its utility. One reason why hogs are fond of immersing themselves in pools of stagnant and filthy water, is found in the fact that their bodies get encrusted with dirt, causing an itching which the pool they seek allays. This irritation renders them restless and retards the process of fattening very materially. This can be prevented by an application of soap suds aided by a splint broom commonly used for cleaning stables and cross-walks. A liberal application of suds and a good scrubbing daily will allay irritation, and give that repose to the animals which is essential to a steady and rapid accumulation of flesh and fatty matter. The labor of preparing and applying the wash, at least once a day during the milder portions of the season, will be amply remunerated in the increased weight of the animals when the slaughtering season arrives.—*New England Farmer.*

Pruning Evergreens.

In nothing has progress in gardening been better indicated than in the use of the pruning knife on evergreens. Up to the existence of the Gardener's Monthly, one might prune any trees *except* evergreens. Few articles ever took the public more by surprise, than our first paper showing that pruning benefited these plants. Now it is generally practised, and it is believed to be followed with more striking results than when used on deciduous trees. In transplanting evergreens of all kinds from the woods, the best way to save their lives, is to cut them half back with a hedge shears, and when any come from the nurseries with bad roots, or roots which have accidentally got dry, a severe cutting back will save them. And then if we have an unsightly evergreen—a one-sided, or sparsely clothed evergreen, if it is cut back considerably it will push out again green all over, and make a nice tree. It must be carefully remembered, however, that in all these cases the *leading shoot* must be cut away also, or the side branches will not come out well. An idea prevails that a new leading shoot will not come out on the Pine family after one has lost its first. But this is a mistake; sometimes they will not show a disposition to do so, side shoots near the leader's place will seem to put in a rival claim for the leadership the following year, but if these are then cut away they will not make a second attempt, and the real leader will then push on into its path of destiny.

The Scotch Pine and the Chinese Arborvitæ, are two plants which derive wonderful benefit from the pruning knife. Both these are very liable to get ragged when left entirely to their natural inclinations, but grow with a beautiful compact luxuriance under the occasional application of the knife. Indeed the Scotch Pine with judicious pruning makes one of the most beautiful ornaments of the lawn and pleasure ground. It can be made to take many odd forms, one of the most picturesque is obtained by cutting off its head when about ten feet high, and never let another leader grow. The side branches are all cut away except the upper tier, these spread then outwardly—not exactly creeping but flowing forward in the most luxurious green imaginable, making a pretty arbor.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

Best Time to Cut Timber.

I have cut timber at all seasons of the year, and noted the results to ascertain its effects upon its durability. You may cut pignut or scaly bark hickory in winter or early spring, and make up into ax-helves, and worms will eat them up; but cut the same timber, say from the first of July and as long as the bark continues to peel, and they will remain sound. In proof, I have a windlass and frame for same, over a well on my farm, made of pignut hickory, cut in July, 1856, which is sound to-day. The like effect will be experienced upon every description of timber cut as before stated; hence, instead of cutting timber in winter, or as soon as the sap begins to run, it should attain its greatest flow, and have *commenced a decrease* in circulation, by which fermentation is prevented, and yet the pores of the wood are left full; whilst prior to that period and full flow of sap, fermentation sets in, and, in turn, produces worms and the rapid decay of the timber. Whether this theory accounts for the observed results or not, the facts, as before stated, remain.

Timber cut in midsummer and treated with tar and sand, or charred, will have many years added to its lasting qualities. For press of time in July, farmers may simply cut the trees and bark them, and work up the timber in the following fall with the same good results.—*Rural World.*

Note on Curculio.

W. Archer, of Trenton Falls, N. Y., says: I see in your columns several plans advanced for the destruction of the curculio. If some of your readers will adopt the plan that I have practiced for the last fifteen years, *with entire success*, the curculio won't deter them from planting on as large a scale as they please.

Take an old tin pail, punch holes in the bottom like a sieve; procure a pole long enough to reach above your trees, tie the pail on the top of the pole, put some air-slacked lime in the pail, raise it over the top of your trees, strike the pole with your hand, and you will send a shower of lime all over the trees; the operation ought to be performed about three times; first when the flower begins to expand, and again in four or five days; three times is about enough; each operation must be performed in the morning, when the dew is on the trees.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

SKIM MILK FOR CURRANT WORMS.—Please say to your readers who are troubled with the currant worm that skim milk has proved a sure, swift and simple cure. Apply it with watering-pot or syringe; only be sure you wet all the worms; probably molasses and water would answer as well, or thin glue; but have never tried the two latter, as the milk did not leave any subjects for further experiment. A worm breathes through his skin. Stop the pores and he dies. Milk does it.—*J. Nelson Jacobs in New England Farmer.*

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1 and 2 are the first and second letters in the name of the father of David.
My 3 and 4 are the first and last letters in the name of a Syrian general of great distinction and bravery.
My 5 is the first letter of the surname of Jacob.
My 6 is the first letter in the name of the wife of Zacharias.
My 7 and 8 are the first and second letters in the name of one usually known as the first martyr.
My 9 is the first letter in the name of the eldest son of Jacob and Leah.
My 10 is the first letter in the name of the fifth son of Jacob and Leah.
My 11 is the first letter in a Syriac surname given to Peter.
My 12 is the first letter in the title of a ruler.
My 13 is the first letter in the name of a woman of Thyatira who dwelt in Macedonia.
My 14 is the first letter in a Hebrew word signifying "God with us," and used as one of the distinctive titles of the Messiah.
My 15 is the first letter in the name of one described as a just man, perfect in his generations and walking with God.
My whole is the name of a reader of The Post. REUBEN STANLEY.

Algebraical Problem.

A servant is sent on an errand to a town 8 miles off, and walks at the rate of 4 miles per hour; ten minutes afterwards another is sent after him, who overtakes him 2 miles from the town. At what rate did the second servant travel? W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

In a triangle, A B C are given the sides A B 80, A C 70, and B C 60; within the triangle is a point D, so situated that the angle A D B is 130 degrees, A D C 120 degrees, and B D C 110 degrees. Required—the distances A D, B D and C D.
E. P. NORTON.
Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Trigonometric Problem.

Two wheels with radii of 5 feet and 1 foot respectively, are placed their centres 10 feet apart. Required—the length of a belt connecting the two wheels, and the arc of larger wheel covered by the belt.
JOSEPH S. PHEBUS.
Nebraska City, Nebraska.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a child that is just beginning to go to school to be pitied? Ans.—Because it cannot learn its alphabet without getting A B (a bee) in its mouth.

☞ What is the worst kind of education? Ans.—To be brought up by a policeman.

☞ Why is a newspaper like a wife? Ans.—Because every man ought to have one of his own.

☞ Why is a lady's bonnet like a cupola? Ans.—Because it covers the belle.

Answer to Last.

ANCIENT HISTORICAL ENIGMA—"Go and tell your master that you have seen the exiled Marius, sitting on the ruins of Carthage."

RECEIPTS.

BROILED MUTTON CUTLETS.—Take the best end of a neck of mutton, which will give seven chops, saw about 4 inches off the end of the upper rib bones; the piece thus trimmed off is used for broiled breast of mutton. Saw off the chine bone, and cut the seven chops, clearing the meat an inch off the end of each bone. Flatten them with a bat, and remove the gristle from round the lean, and pare away the meat and skin from the inside of each bone; this is to give the cutlets the required shape. Sprinkle the cutlets on each side with two pinches of salt and one of pepper; oil them slightly, and put them on a gridiron over a brisk fire; cook them four minutes on one side and three on the other; dish up in a circle and serve."

A GOOD WAY TO KEEP HAMS.—Wrap them in good, sweet hay, then inclose them in a tight bag, and hang in the granary. The nicest cold ham I ever saw was over a year old, and had been kept in the manner described.

NEW POTATOES, A LA FRANCAISE.—Skin, wash, and wipe dry some early potatoes; melt some butter in a stewpan; when it is quite hot place the potatoes in it, simmer them slowly, turn them occasionally, and when done take them up and place them in another stewpan, with sufficient fresh butter to form a sauce, shake them over the fire merely till the butter is melted, arrange them in a dish, pour the butter over them and strew a little fine salt upon them, serve as hot as possible. In Italy olive oil is employed instead of butter, and is really preferable.

CAULIFLOWER OMLET.—Take the white part of a boiled cauliflower after it is cold, and chop it very small, and mix with it a sufficient quantity of well-beaten egg, to make a very thick batter, then fry it in fresh butter, in a small pan, and send it to table hot.

RED-CURRANT PUDDING, BAKED.—Red-currant pudding may be made in the usual way, with a pudding crust and boiled; or it can be made by pressing the fruit through a sieve, so as to free it from the pips, which are very disagreeable; then, to a pint of pulp add two ounces of bread-crumbs and a quarter of a pound of sugar; put it into a tart-dish with a rim of puff-paste: serve with cream or custard. White currants may be treated in the same manner.

ORANGE CREAM.—Dissolve one ounce of isinglass and six ounces of loaf-sugar in a pint of boiling milk, having first rubbed off the rind of five oranges with some of the lumps of sugar. Extract the juice of the oranges, and then strain the isinglass and other ingredients into it; add one gill of cream, and the yolks of four eggs, which must be well beaten. Pour the whole into a saucepan, warm it over the fire, but do not allow it to boil; pour into a basin and stir it until cold, before you put it into a mould.